

**EVERETT WHITE HARRIS:
MY YEARS IN NEVADA
LIFE IN RENO, A CAREER AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, EXPLORING THE WEST**

Interviewee: Everett White Harris

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Description

Everett White Harris was born in Carson City, Nevada, in 1903. He has called western Nevada his home throughout his life. In his early years, Dr. Harris became interested in mathematics and engineering; he received a degree in electrical engineering from the University of Nevada, followed by graduate study and a master's degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering from the University of California. His professional career took him to positions with the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York; Stone and Webster Company at Boston, Massachusetts, and Beaumont, Texas; the United States Navy; and the Nevada State Highway Department. His longest and best-known work was as professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Nevada in Reno, where he taught from 1938 until 1967. Following his retirement, he continued—as professor emeritus—to teach part-time at the university. He also actively followed hobbies in microphotography as a marker of historic trails.

In his memoirs, Dr. Harris was especially enthusiastic in recounting details of his early life in Reno, and in telling some of the background of University of Nevada politics.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Everett White Harris is a native of Nevada, born in Carson City in 1903. He has called western Nevada his home throughout his life. In his early years, Dr. Harris became interested in mathematics and engineering; he received a degree in electrical engineering from the University of Nevada, followed by graduate study and a master's degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering from the University of California. His professional career took Dr. Harris to positions with the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, with Stone and Webster Company at Boston, Massachusetts, and Beaumont, Texas, the United States Navy, and with the Nevada state highway department; but his longest and best-known work was as Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Nevada, where he taught from 1938 until 1967. Following his retirement, he has continued—as Professor Emeritus—to teach part-time at the University. He

also actively follows hobbies as a marker of historic trails and in microphotography.

When invited to record a memoir for the Oral History Project, Dr. Harris accepted graciously, modestly asserting, however, that he believed he could make but little contribution. He was a cooperative, precise and hospitable chronicler of events in which he had been involved, especially enthusiastic in recounting details of his early life in Reno and in telling some of the background of University of Nevada politics. There were four taping sessions, all held at Professor Harris's home in Reno between October 11 and November 9, 1967. Professor Harris's review of his memoir resulted in his exercising a prerogative of changing the construction of a few sentences, but no significant informational changes or deletions were made.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library (formerly in the DRI Western Studies Center) preserves the

past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections Departments of the University of Nevada libraries. Everett W. Harris's oral history is designated as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1969

MEMORIES OF GROWING UP IN RENO

I was born on December 5, 1903, in Carson City, Nevada, my father having gone there from Dayton to engage in the banking business at that time. The family only stayed in Carson for about one year and then moved to Reno, and that must have been about 1904. They first lived on Mill Street and then later moved to 661 Ralston Street, which was the old family home during my boyhood days in Reno.

Here I spent all my youthful days going to school and enjoying the pleasures of boyhood. I went to the old Parish House on Sixth and Sierra Street part of the time, for the first two years. I also went to the Orvis Ring School for a portion of the time, and even the McKinley Park School later on for manual training once a week. But, for the most part, as soon as the Mary S. Doten School was built, which was in our neighborhood, I was transferred to it, and continued my education there, graduating from the eighth grade. Later, of course, I went to Reno High School. (The old Reno High School which was located on Fifth Street), it's now called the Central School, and

I graduated there about 1918. Some of my grammar school teachers that I remember were Estelle Prouty, Jennie Logan, Miss Folsom, Miss Chase, Echo Loder, and Libby Booth. The latter two have schools named after them at the present time, and they were very outstanding early-day educators.

In grammar school we were taught mainly the three R's—reading, writing, and arithmetic—and we received very excellent training. We didn't know anything about such things as progressive education, sometimes taught in the modern schools. Moreover, we were not spared the rod if the occasion needed to have a little punishment. I can recall, on one occasion at the Mary S. Doten School, when the boys went across the street to a private residence and shook walnuts—black walnuts—off the tree, and this, of course, was an infraction of the rules. Miss Loder the principal, held an inspection by simple expedient of going through the whole school and having the boys hold their hands palms up. Black walnuts stained the hands, and, of course, the culprits were easily found, and in

due time, over a period of weeks, they were administered a little corporeal punishment, the older boys taking the worst of it, which was proper.

At the Mary S. Doten School, I remember there was only one Negro in the whole school during the entire time I was there, from, let's say, the second grade up to the eighth grade, to graduation. This one Negro was named Juanita, and she was a big girl and not well-liked, not on account of her being a Negro, but on account of her being a tattletale, I mention this merely to show that here in the Reno schools we were always integrated, and nothing thought about it.

Another boyhood memory which is outstanding occurred at the old Parish House, where I went to school, probably for about one year, or one semester. Next door to the old Parish House, was a true, old-time blacksmith, with a forge and bellows and anvil; and at recess time, we boys used to gather in front of the open shop there, and watch that hairy old blacksmith—a man with a powerful physique—work his forge and hammer the red-hot sparks out on the anvil. We used to watch him with an idolatrous avidity, as I remember. This is indeed a memory which I'll never forget. And I'm sure that he basked in the limelight of our adoration because he used to sort of pose with his chest all bared—a big, black, hairy chest. He used to pose there and strike the anvil a few extra times, I think, to really show off before us young boys.

At high school some more of the teachers I remember were Mila Coffin, Alwine Sielaff, Effie Mack, and Miss Walbridge—all were excellent teachers. Miss Sielaff, I recall in particular, taught me algebra, and instilled in me a love of mathematics. This carried over to the University, and probably was mainly responsible for my engaging in the life work

of engineering and studying engineering at the University.

Another thing of interest that I think of now is that in those days, there were, as far as I can remember, no married teachers who were hired in the grammar schools, none at all, and no men in the grammar school, except one for manual training art. A few men, of course, were hired in the Reno High School. This is far different than the way it is today.

A few memories of Reno in the old days—boyhood memories—say, in the era 1903 to 1926 when I left to go to work in the East. To my best knowledge there were no paved streets in the early days of my boyhood. As I remember, all were dirt roads. These were sprinkled in the summertime by horse-drawn sprinkling carts—tanks—and it was a joy, as a boy, to smell the sweet aroma that would come after the dusty, dry roads were sprinkled. Population in Reno was about ten to eleven hundred—that being the figure that I remember. It was rather a small town, but busy and active.

Unforgettable memories, of course, include the fact that in the early days, at least, of my boyhood, there were no automobiles, just horses and buggies. Businessmen used buckboards that were drawn by one horse. There were milk wagons, bakery wagons, grocery wagons, and meat wagons; and practically all of the old-time merchants made their deliveries with these wagons right to the homes. There was no such thing as supermarkets, and people didn't have automobiles, and many of them didn't have horses or wagons, either. And so the merchants came to the people. We did have phones in the early day; I'm sure of that because my mother used to place her order for groceries and meats by phone. Ice cream was peddled in the summertime by a horse-drawn wagon with a tinkling bell—a cow

bell—and one of my unforgettable boyhood memories was to run perhaps two or three blocks on a hot, summer day, in bare feet on the dusty roads, to catch up with that ice cream man and give him five cents, and then revel in the magnificent, cold taste of a single ice cream cone. My favorite was orange ice as I remember, in the old days.

People walked to and from work, mostly. Later, of course, we had street cars running to the University, to Moana, to Sparks, and out Second Street. Finally, about 1914 and '15, we got the automobiles, including model T Fords, which of course, were not very expensive. People of more ample means, of course, bought the more expensive cars such as Doris, Buick, Hudson Super 6, Essex, Maxwell, Franklin, Packard, and so forth.

My next door neighbors on Ralston Street were the Gignoux's. Mr. J. E. Gignoux was the first professor of mining and metallurgy courses at the University of Nevada when it was located in Elko. He was a mining engineer and an educated gentleman. He had lived in Dayton and married his wife, May Loftis, in Dayton. He was very interested, mechanically, and so he owned one of the first fine automobiles I ever saw, namely the Doris, which was made in St. Louis. The Doris was a very expensive car, probably cost about \$5,000 in those days, when money was worth a great deal more than it is today. And so I (as I remember), had my first ride in this famous old Doris car of the Gignoux's.

I can remember during this period hearing about Barney Oldfield driving sixty miles per hour—this was a breathtaking thing to ponder over, by all of the oldtimers—sixty miles an hour!

As late as 1926, or Later, we could park cars diagonally in downtown Reno, and practically always park in front of the business establishment that we wanted to

enter, so small was the number of people and automobiles. You could park down in front of a drugstore, get something, come out, and drive away. Quite a contrast to what it is now.

There were no airplanes in Reno until about 1920; and I remember we all waited expectantly for one to appear from San Francisco, but it never showed up because the altitude was too much for it and it couldn't make it over the Sierras. However, next year, an aeroplane did finally make it, and that one was the first in Reno. Everybody was agog over seeing an airplane. That was the first one most of us, I suppose, had ever seen. This must have been about 1919 or '20.

Thinking back over my youth, my pleasures were relatively simple, considering that we didn't have many of the things that we have today. We children were not spoiled, even though our parents may have had ample means here in Reno. I can recall, I and most of my associates were not given much money, perhaps five or ten cents a week, if we were lucky, and mostly it was pennies. Also, we used to save gunnysacks, as we called them, that came with feed, and scrounged around a little bit to get some junk and sold that to make a few extra pennies now and then. Occasionally, when we could sell enough junk or sacks to have thirty-five or fifty cents, we considered ourselves rich.

We had theaters in those days, particularly the Grand, the Majestic, and the Wigwam—those were the three theaters when I was a boy. But again, we were not spoiled. My folks allowed me to go about once every three weeks or a month, and that was it. It was thought that a boy might get spoiled by going to too many shows.

The bill of fare of a typical theater in those days consisted of Path News and then a two-reel comedy like Laurel and Hardy, or Charlie Chaplin—something like that—or maybe

only a one-reel comedy, followed by the main bill of far, or feature. One picture which in my memory was outstanding, and was a great thriller, was called "The Spoilers," by Rex Beach. And another one, outstanding, which came a little later, was called "The Covered Wagon," by Emerson Hugh. Of course, there were many other spell-binders which were outstanding, but I don't happen to think of them at the moment.

We had the Mission Play from California playing at the Majestic, and then we had, occasionally, a very fine tenor come to the Majestic; but really I can't remember very much of anything except movies that we had in the old days. There was a little vaudeville—particularly I remember we saw one show that all my family went to, featuring Kolb and Dill—I remember they were famous comedians. Now I recollect another—we saw Harry Lauder once or twice and my father was very much pleased with Harry. He sang "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" and "A Wee Deoch'an Doris"* and other old-time Scotch ballads. Another one was "A Wee House Mang the Heather." So we did have a little live stage entertainment, but not for regular diet.

There were no radios until about, I guess about 1920, or something like that. Can't place it exactly. We did have cylinder phonographs. Mr. Gignoux, our next door neighbor, had a cylinder phonograph and his was the first phonograph I ever heard in my life. One particular record which I remember, and the only one I do remember, that he played, was called "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark." Later, of course, we had Victor Talking Machines, and my folks bought a nice cabinet model Victrola, which played disk records. And my folks, particularly my mother and sisters, who were most interested in music, bought Victor Red Seal classical records of many of the old masters, which

I still have at the present time in my possession, including Caruso, Alma Gluck, Tetrzzini, John McCormick, and many others.

The boys in my era always had regular chores to do, and plenty of them. For instance, our family kept chickens, and I had to go up to the nearby Evans Ranch and carry back milk every day. Once a day, that was a regular chore. Sometimes I had to go to the old Reno High School and draw well water, for the reason that the old-timers figured that well water was better than city water; that's, of course, debatable with modern thought. I had to chop and store wood, cut kindling, start fires, and run innumerable errands on foot.

Our family dentist was Dr. Coffin, a very good old-time dentist—very particular about keeping appointments, as I remember. Our family doctor was Dr. Pickard, a very fine family physician who did his operating, mainly, in his office. I'm not sure that there were any hospitals in Reno in those days, although there may have been in the early days when I was growing up. But many of his operations were performed in his office. I remember having my tonsils and adenoids jerked out there, right there in his office on the operating table, and my folks hiring a taxi and getting me back home. I know I wasn't in any hospital.

Also, I might make a notation that at the turn of the century, children were not usually born in the hospitals. They were just born in a family bedroom, even as I was, at the old homestead in Carson City, Nevada.

Some of the old business houses that I recollect in Reno in my boyhood were Humphrey Supply Company, suppliers of meat

*In Scotch dialect this means "a small drink."

and groceries; Coffin and Larcombe groceries; Cann Drug Company; and Hermann and Levy, dry goods merchants. This latter establishment had an elegant supply of dry goods of every kind and description and, of course, this was heavily patronized by all the pioneer ladies because they made their own dresses and things in those days—including my mother and sisters, who made their own dresses, for the most part. Another establishment, which may have come a little bit later, but still fairly early, was Gray, Reid and Wright Company. Another one I remember was the California Meat Market. I could remember others, but there are just a sampling of those which I remember. And there was the Farmers and Merchants Bank located on what is now Second and Center Streets. It was there that my father and Mr. Kirman were first associated here in Reno, as I remember.

Condition of the roads in Reno: There were no paved highways of course, and only primitive pioneer roads. A trip to Bowers or Pyramid Lake or Lake Tahoe was a real expedition in those days. I can recall going to Bowers and Pyramid Lake with the Gignoux's in their old-time Doris. Believe me, it was a major undertaking to go, particularly to Pyramid Lake, that took about three and a half or four hours; and to go even to Bowers Mansion took a couple of hours, perhaps even longer, because we could never, or seldom ever, make a trip of any duration at all without having one or more blowouts. That meant that you had to stop and take the tire off and repair it with patches, and put it back on, and then pump it up by hand. It was a major undertaking to go to any of these places out of town on the old pioneer roads.

We didn't have these swimming tanks—modern swimming tanks that are supposed to be hygienically pure, and filtered and

impregnated with chlorine and so forth. Our boyhood swimming occurred in the Orr Ditch—the old Orr Ditch which ran past my house with a swift current; and also, we swam in the Truckee River near the old electric light dam; also at Moana Springs and Bowers Mansion. The old Orr Ditch was an elegant place to learn to swim in because of its swift running current. We used to simply swim with the current perhaps for two or three blocks, then jump out and walk up stream again, and then do it again. Also, in our itinerary of swimming, we would swim under the bridges, which added another thrill to our sport. Moana Springs, and Bowers Mansion, of course, were delightful picnicking and swimming areas. In the old days, Bowers had two main ponds, each of which had a primitive little island in the center, and each supported a family of goldfish swimming around, and a few water snakes, which didn't both us very much—we took it all in stride and I'm sure we enjoyed it more in those days than the youngsters do at the present time, even though it may not have been quite as sanitary. In particular, going back to the old Orr Ditch, it was a real pleasure to smell the fragrant willows which grew along the banks, and the alfalfa, and the sweet clover. We boys used to build little Indian wickiups out of willow branches along the banks, and that served as our dressing and undressing quarters, although we weren't too fussy, and sometimes we'd engage in swimming sans clothes unless a neighbor would protest. The same could be said of the old Electric Light Dam, up on the Truckee River; we used to swim up there without clothes, unless disturbed.

For sports, we used to go hunting, at least after we were about fourteen years old. My father gave me a shotgun when I was fourteen, and I started to hunt. Hunting was

pretty good in those days. All I had to do was to take my shotgun and walk up about half a mile, or a mile, up Seventh Street, and cut over the fields, and I would be in hunting territory where we could shoot an occasional duck on some of the three ponds that were there. The three ranchers' ponds, which they kept for irrigation, were called the Tule Pond, Evans' Pond, and Shannon's Pond. We used to shoot ducks on these ponds. Then, going a little further, in some of the sage draws where there were little creeks running down in this particular northwest area of Reno, we could kill birds and cottontails and rabbits; and then, further, up near where the block N letter is now located, we could kill jackrabbits. So, hunting was good within just walking distance; we didn't have to use any automobiles.

Fishing, of course, was always good in the Truckee River in those days. And this reminds me of the spring of the year, when the fish were spawning—the cutthroat, the large cutthroat trout in Pyramid Lake—the fish would start leaving the lake for the spawning grounds, and at the mouth of the Truckee River, the Indians would reap a harvest. They would come in and sell these giant trout, which might be, oh, anywhere from about a foot to two feet long, and they would drive in with a buckboard just loaded with those giant trout, and peddle them to the housewives. My mother used to buy one or two and cut them up into steaks, and we would have fish for the whole family of seven children and two parents. The cost of one of those giant fishes was seventy-five cents to a dollar, sold by the Pyramid Lake Indians.

The pioneer people in Reno, I think most of them, raised chickens, vegetables, and fruit orchards, particularly apples, but all sorts of others, too. A lot of them had dogs, even as

they do today, but the dogs stayed outside mostly, and didn't live inside the house with the people, which I think is a very excellent idea. People built little dog houses and Mr. Dog stayed outside. One neighbor named Mr. Walts even had a cow, right in our neighborhood, and they kept it to have fresh milk for the family. I don't think the cow was a real asset to the neighborhood because it harbored so many flies. Some people's houses, in the old days, didn't have screens, and of course, the flies were a real problem. We had screens at our house at 661 Ralston Street, but I do remember the flies somehow eluded the screens, and there were lots of flies in the old days. We had fly swatters, hanging narrow strips of fly paper, and flat wide strips of fly paper, and between all three, why, we kept the fly population down. But due to the fact that there were so many chickens and one cow in the neighborhood, and a few horses, and poorer garbage disposal than we have today, the population of flies was great.

My son, Richard, now a student in geological engineering at the University, wished me to record this anecdote for what it's worth. This goes back to the time when I was a young man, probably in high school, during World War I. At that time, people were very patriotic, and were asked to save peach stones, because these were to be used to make, gas masks for our soldiers overseas. So in due time, everyone, or 'most everyone in Reno who was patriotic, started to save peach stones. And there were collecting agencies. In our neighborhood there was a grocery store named Wigg's Cash Grocery, or, if it wasn't that name, it could have been called at that time the Nevada Tea Store—but it was a grocery store—and this was one of the collecting points in my neighborhood. The interesting part of this anecdote is that the

government never collected the peach stones, and my friend, Art Wigg, whom I chummed around with for a number of years, who was the son of the owners of Wigg's Grocery store, laughingly told me that they burned the peach stones in their coal stoves, in their house and in their store, for the next four or five years, and that they made elegant fuel. There was no purchase of coal for a long time I

About 1918, and I have to say "about," because I don't know exactly, but I know it was about when World War I was here, we had a dreadful flu epidemic in Reno. People were pretty upset about it because many people died, and as a precautionary measure, most of the people wore gauze masks. And I recall the schools were shut down for two or three weeks.

Another random thought, here, about the local Indians. The squaws, the old-time squaws, wore blankets, colorful blankets. They were very stolid, both squaws and bucks were very stolid people. Some were employed in the homes to do housework but they were still sort of primitive, and uncivilized, and sort of sullen, as I remember.

We had numerous saloons, as always, in those days, and they were called saloons—no women were allowed in them.

Reno was well supplied with bawdy houses in the old days, and I'm sure that this was typical of all the old pioneer mining camps and other camps of the old West. It was considered best to have open, or licensed, houses of ill-fame as a protection to the good women of the West and as a convenience to the old-time "working stiff" that used to come into Reno or other population centers. The workers that we used to have coming into Reno were lumbering men, and miners, and farm workers, and other people like that, and when these men would come into town

to spend their money, they patronized these places, and it was considered by the old-timers a good thing to give them an outlet.

There were three principal bawdy houses in the old days, here in Reno. One was called the Alamo, one the Mohawk, and another one that came a little later was the Green Lantern. These were regularly licensed places. The one called the Alamo was located down on the river bank not more than one block away from where the Majestic Theater now stands. This was in the shape of a hollow square—the hollow being open to the sky. It's sort of like, if you can imagine, an old-time stockade of the pioneer West—that's what it looked like. And the stockade, of course, was divided into little compartments which had two sections. The first section consisted of a waiting room with a window and door, in which the occupant would stand to attract trade; the other section consisted of a tiny space consisting of a wash stand, and a dressing table, and a bed. In the old Alamo there were about—oh, about thirty-five or more cubicles, let's call them that, or compartments, and approximately twenty-five girls present. Also on one end of the Alamo there was a bar in which liquors could be purchased. There was one, and only one, entrance to the Alamo (and also to the rest of these different houses) - But the Alamo, for example, had one entrance, and in front of this entrance in a sentry box, there was a regularly employed policeman, who stood duty. Now the purpose of this policeman was to keep minors and unauthorized women out. By women, I mean any tourists who wanted to come in and take a look. But it was open to men of sufficient age, and one could walk through, past the guard, and into the stockade enclosure which, as I mentioned before, was open to the sky, and then one could make a circuit and pass by each of the girls, say twenty

or twenty-five in turn, and go on out if he so wished, or tarry if he wished, as the case might be (i.e., a shopping tour).

In modern times we hear about prostitutes infesting our local hotels, and charging a rate of anything they can get, perhaps fifty or a hundred dollars a night. But in the old days here in Reno (the days of the Alamo and the Mohawk and the Green Lantern), the current rate was \$1.50 to \$2.00. Times have certainly changed.

Now the Mohawk district was located down on the river a little further where the old flour mill used to stand. It was on an island in the river, a little bit further east than the Alamo. And the Green Lantern was a sort of a roadhouse resort with dancing, and this was a little “upper crust” compared to the Alamo and the Mohawk. The Green Lantern was fancier, with slightly higher rates. I think the rate at the Green Lantern was about \$3.00. It was located perhaps half-way between Reno and Sparks, as I remember.

I am not going to debate the merits of open houses of prostitution. They may have served a useful purpose, and perhaps they did in pioneer days, but I don’t—I wouldn’t want to recommend them, or say that this is best for society. However, this sort of thing has occurred from days of antiquity. It is claimed to be women’s oldest profession, and whether you have them in open, licensed houses as they did here in Reno and other places in the old West in the old days, or whether you have them in all the hotels, they’re still ever present.

My father was working for the water company in Virginia City as a young man, when our family was up there, and he used to jokingly tell me about an incident that occurred while he was working for the water company as an accountant. It seems that one of the collectors was a young fellow by the name of Billy English. One day, Billy English

came in and he was laughing, and he said, “Well, I’ve just been collecting from Cal Beckett.” (She was one of the famous madams that kept a very high-class house up there in Virginia City.) “And,” he said, “when I went up there, I saw Cal looking sort of down at the mouth, and I says, ‘What’s the matter, Cal?’ And Cal said, ‘Well, Billy, I lost another one of my girls.’ I says, ‘How did that happen?’ She says, ‘Well, it’s like this, Billy; you know I bring these girls up from San Francisco, and I train ’em, and I work over ’em, and I make ladies out of ’em, and then the first damn thing that happens—they run off on me and get married.’”

All of which shows that some of the “girls of the evening” in the old days, where women were very, very scarce, made final careers of marriage. Yeah—it was one of papa’s famous stories.

In Reno, as I remember, the gambling houses were mainly across from the Southern Pacific depot on Commercial Row. One in particular that was a combined gambling and sandwich-and-beer parlor, was Frankovich’s—that was a famous one. The gambling in my day consisted mainly of draw and stud poker, and a game called panguini. These were primarily for the working stiff that came into town and wanted to gamble away their money. Although a house man played against you occasionally, for the most part you were playing against your fellow players, although, as I say, you might have had a house man sitting in there that you didn’t know about. They used to call a house man a “booster” to start the action going. But the stakes were usually small on Commercial Row; I don’t know of any high-priced games going on, although I’m sure there were some high-priced games, perhaps in some of the other places beyond my purview. The old Commercial Row joints had small games

where you could sit and play penny ante, or you could play for a dollar or five dollar limits, or something rather small. There wasn't really, in my memory, any high stakes being played along Commercial Row, although I don't want to be dogmatic about it.

They had very few slot machines there, just perhaps one to two in an establishment, and I don't recall seeing any roulette wheels or crap tables, etc. I don't even remember blackjack; it was mostly poker—simple old poker, draw and stud—in which you played against your fellow players rather than against the house.

What would I say the community attitude was toward these businesses, the saloons, and the gambling and bawdy houses? These places were just taken for granted. Nobody was disturbed about them; they were hushed up. Everybody knew they had houses of ill-fame; and everybody knew that gambling, such as it was, existed along the tracks, and the old working stiff went in there and lost their money, and enjoyed themselves. No one worried about them; they just took them in stride. They were properties of the old West, just as they had existed everywhere in the old mining camps.

Virginia City had had everything. Virginia City had high class "houses;" in fact, some of the famous madams up there had such elegant houses that they entertained the visiting dignitaries up in Virginia City in the old days. Some of these houses, the famous ones, had the finest cuisine, as I understand, and, a men's club room, dining accommodations, and billiard tables, and the finest of liquors and cigars, as well as the girls there for them. So they had everything for visiting dignitaries. No, the pioneers took all these things in stride and didn't make any fuss about them. They didn't present any particular problems for law enforcement.

Every town has a few town drunks, and yes, we had drunks. You could see some of the old-time bums staggering out of the saloons, and some of them coming home tipsy, and that's something you don't see much of nowadays. But I did as a boy—you'd see these old bum characters coming home with a bucket of beer—we called that "rushing the can," I think. You'd see them coming out of the saloons; they were half drunk, and they sometimes were packing a pail of beer home. You don't see that nowadays, either, but that's what they did. It was cheaper to buy beer in a big pail, by bulk.

One old character that used to come by our house was an old bearded fellow. He might have been a miner or a prospector at one time, but he was a real old bum, and we youngsters, because he was such a derelict bum, would stay at a respectful distance from him. We hung the name of "Lousy Zip" on him, and when we'd get him at a respectful distance we'd say, "Hello, Zip, Zip, Zip," then we would stand there entranced by the flow of profanity which he would shout at us. That was quite a treat in the old days because we learned a lot of new words we never heard before or since. Then he would pretend to chase us, but after a few steps he knew it was a hopeless task to chase young boys.

We had a Chinatown, but of Chinatown I know very little. There were a few Chinese establishments on Lake Street including a Chinese restaurant. We used to go in sometimes at night during college days, at least, and maybe high school days, and we would eat Chinese noodles. The cost was, I think twenty-five or thirty cents—Chinese noodles with "bug juice." Then in the earlier days, we used to go down there and buy sulfur matches and firecrackers when there was no law against shooting firecrackers or having fireworks on the Fourth of July, which we

celebrated in good old American fashion. Some of the boys—some of my companions would take firecrackers, light them, and throw them like grenades, and have them explode in mid-air. That was something we used to do. And sometimes we'd hold them in our hands and let them go off. Anyhow, we had lots of firecrackers. That was just part of the Fourth of July which always included parades in downtown Reno.

Parades in Reno in the old days were really something on Fourth of July. They were something that we looked forward to. Everyone had a good measure of patriotism for our country in those days, and flags were flown from all of the homes here, or most of them in Reno, on the Fourth of July. And we had speeches on patriotism and it wasn't considered *declassé* as it is nowadays, apparently. Patriotism was in good repute in those days. So we had lots of fireworks, a fine parade, and lots of flags, and several speeches, on Fourth of July. It was something that we all enjoyed. Pleasures were simple in those days, and so going to a Fourth of July celebration was something to enjoy.

Labor Day, I think, had a parade and perhaps some speeches, but Labor Day never made the impression on me that the Fourth of July or New Year's did. Of course, there is very little change in New Year's. People stayed up late, and drank a lot of booze, and went to parties, and danced and everything. So there's practically no change now from what there was then.

I do remember that in Reno in the old days we had one or two Presidents come here, and I think I saw Taft—Taft, or Teddy Roosevelt—strange that I can't remember which one. Hoover went through Reno, I know; and Truman was here. But the Presidents were few and far between. However, I do distinctly

remember when I was going to the University, of listening, up in the old bleachers, to the silver-tongued orator, William Jennings Bryan. So we had a few dignitaries come and stop over in Reno in the old days.

I remember, vaguely, Senator Nixon, and of course, Senator Oddie—my father was associated with both of those men—and Senator Newlands, too, I guess. I remember Senator Oddie—not too much about him, just having seen him as a boy, perhaps talked to him. Governor Kirman, of course; I had more close associations with him because he was actively associated with my father for years in the banking business.

Richard Kirman, before he became governor, always drove a fine Cadillac automobile. That was his favorite for years and years. On occasion he would take some members of our family (at least Father and Mother, perhaps myself and maybe one other person) up to Lake Tahoe, so those were memorable occasions in my life before we owned an automobile.

I don't know why it was that Father never bought an automobile until about 1926, but he wouldn't have any part of one—just why, I don't know. He was used to the horse and buggy days and was an excellent horse driver. I know he was quite skilled in that—he told me so, but he never got used to an automobile, and when he did buy one, he never drove it. I think about that time in life he had trouble in one eye, and perhaps that was the main reason why he didn't want to drive—or to try to learn to drive an automobile.

My father was interested in politics, but I didn't hear politics discussed much at home. He was a lifelong Republican and always voted pretty much Republican. He considered the Republicans a better class of people—that was all. He considered them a little more elect, you

know—or elite—and so he was happy to be a Republican. I'm sure that was the reason. No, he didn't talk much about politics.

I do know he ran for mayor one time and got defeated. And also, he did run for county clerk of Lyon County when he was living in Dayton, Nevada, and he held that job down for—I think it was four years. They wanted him to run again, but he told me—I have this right from his own lips—that he thought the situation over and he remembered how lie as a young man had beaten an older fellow, and that older fellow, having lost his job in politics, was hard pressed to get along. I guess my father felt kind of bad about that—in beating the older man out, and he got thinking about it, and he told me, “Well,” he said, “if I keep this—if I stay in politics, the same thing is going to happen to me.” So even though they wanted him to run, and he could have been reelected without any trouble as a county clerk, he refused to run again. Then he got into his professional work again, accountancy, and then, shortly thereafter, into the banking business. So he didn't want any more politics as a career. There was a time, of course—to be sure, it did come later —there was a time that they did induce him to run for mayor, but he got defeated, and that was his last venture into politics. He never spoke bitterly about it; he was just beaten—that was all there was to it.

In later years he helped Mr. Kirman when he ran for governor to some extent—I think financially, and perhaps any other way he could—but when Mr. Kirman was elected it was after the bank failures, and Father's and Mr. Kirman's bank had stood as solid as a rock, and so Mr. Kirman—in appreciation of that was elected like a breeze, no trouble about that.

I rarely ever heard Mr. Kirman discussing the problems of the governorship, although I

was pretty closely associated with him because at the time when he was elected governor of the state of Nevada I was in Carson City working right across the street from the capitol in the State Highway Department, where I worked for five years before leaving and going to the University as a professor. So I used to go across the street and talk to him. He was always very pleasant and always happy to see me, and so forth, but he didn't particularly discuss politics, except—oh, a little bit. I don't remember these particular incidents, except one thing he told me was, “If you're running for election,” he said, “one thing that you should never do is to try to answer charges against you..” He said, “If you start answering charges by your opponent, that works against you. The thing to do,” he said, “is to ignore those things, and then a lot of people will forget about it, but if you start trying to explain,” he said, “then they figure, you're on the defensive, so there must be truth about them.” That was one bit of political know-how he gave me, but I was not in the inner circles there; I was merely a young friend, so he didn't talk very much about politics to me—just mostly pleasantries and always glad to see me when I'd come across the street and say “hello” to him.

I've mentioned a number of things that the boys did for recreation, but I can't remember, particularly, what the girls—my sisters—did. I suppose they had their parties of one kind or another—sewing bees, and—they went, of course, to the school dances, as we all did. But they didn't seem to do much in the way of swimming, except maybe at Bowers. Yes, they went swimming at Bowers and Moana, but they didn't swim in the Orr Ditch or the Truckee River, as we did. I don't think they did too much hiking (perhaps a little), but they didn't go hunting, and fishing, or much

of that. So just what did the girls do? I don't know. You'll have to ask a girl!

My sisters—well, I had lots of sisters all right! Gosh, I had four sisters—four sisters and two brothers, but they were older than I, except one sister. When I recollect them around the house, they were kind of busy helping my mother with the housework a lot of the time, and going to school. And that was my main memory of my sisters. They were either going to school, studying, or doing some housework around there, and had occasional dates, you know, that sort of thing, and then going to a show. I guess that was about it—maybe—shows and a few things like that—shows and dates and dances.

Reno was a pleasant place in those days, a very pleasant place—small. I'm tilled with pleasant memories of growing up here in Reno, and I wouldn't trade swimming in the Orr Ditch, and Bowers Mansion, and the Truckee River, for all of these sanitized public bathtubs, as I call them. I wouldn't trade them for anything! And I'm glad I lived when I did, too, because it's getting steadily worse as far as I'm concerned—what we're moving into now. We just took life as it came along. We didn't have a lot of neuroses such as we hear about nowadays, not knowing what you're going to do in life or why, and where you're going; and we didn't have to take drugs, LSD, and so forth, and marijuana. We had our simple pleasures, and we just moved forward in life, or let life move past us, and had sort of a simple faith that we were just moving along in time and we would get somewhere, and we weren't hectic at all. Life was slower, and easier, and I think much happier—a much quieter existence.

Nowadays we hear so much about the lack of direction of young people in college, for example; they don't know what they want to do, or they need psychiatric care; or they're

upset, and they quit school, and they don't know where they're going, and so forth. Of course, I admit, times have changed, but in our day, we just had simple, straightforward ideas about our objective in life. For example, when I was in high school I soon developed a love of mathematics, and in growing up I had a love of mechanical things, and I built a lot of things with an early toy called the Erector set, so I had pretty much in mind that I wanted to do something scientific. There was no worry about it. And then, as I say, getting in high school and doing so well and loving mathematics, why, there was a very simple choice to make. I wanted to take engineering, I knew that, as a career.. Well then, the question came up, "What kind of engineering?" I had a choice of mining, or electrical, or civil, or mechanical engineering, and I chose electrical at that time because it was—it was more glamorous. Electricity was coming in, and radio, and electricity presented somewhat of a mystery, even as it does today in some aspects. So I chose electrical engineering, and that was it. Once having made the choice, I just moved right through it, and graduated, and practiced it, and even taught it in later life. I practiced it for many years in the East, in New York, and Texas, and Massachusetts. We lived a quieter, happier existence, then, than the young people do today.

STUDENT DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

During the period 1921 to 1926 I attended the University of Nevada where I was enrolled in electrical engineering. The University at that time was small and friendly and informal, with about eight or nine hundred students, as I remember. This, of course, could be verified, but I think it's about right. With this small population it was possible to know almost every student by sight, and every instructor.

The campus was uncrowded and placid and beautiful. (The destruction, in more ways than one, arrived years later with President Stout.) We had an unobstructed view from the tram, across Manzanita Lake, across a rolling green to Lincoln Hall. (The student union had not been built.) Also, the president's home and adjacent shade trees constituted a place of quiet beauty. This was later destroyed by Stout in the name of progress. Behind the place where the Scrugham Engineering building now stands was a picnic ground, with outdoor fireplace, bordered by the old Orr Ditch in its U-shaped travel along a grade line in the lower campus, fringed with fragrant willows

and native poplar trees. It, in turn, attracted quail and other birds. This was destroyed, too.

Old buildings in full use in the twenties which are now gone were as follows: the old physics building, Stewart Hall, the Hatch building, the chemistry building, and the old gymnasium. In all fairness, the old chemistry building, an eyesore made of prison blocks, where the Ross building now stands, was best removed. Also, some others finally outlived their usefulness. We had classes in both Merrill and Stewart Halls, and the heating in both was primitive. Classrooms were fired by coal stoves. It was well to be warmly dressed if one sat in a corner removed from the stove.

Traditions were carefully maintained by the student body. Some of these were as follows: (1) Only senior men wore sombreros. The type of sombrero, however, was not the western type, but rather a type of stiff-brimmed hat worn by the modern park rangers. (2) Only junior and senior men wore corduroy trousers. (3) Freshmen wore tiny blue hats that fit on the top of

their head which were called “drinks.” (4) No one cut campus—that is, cut across the lawns, and (5) No one but seniors sat on senior benches. There were at least two or three of these. (6) Seniors were treated with vast respect, and the penalty for infractions of these traditional rules was to be unceremoniously thrown into Manzanita Lake with your clothes on. (7) Going on with the traditions; each year, in the first week or two of school, in the fall, the men had nightly wars of freshman vs. sophomores. This was much fun. Some of the losers were tied up for several hours and left until rescued by their classmates. (8) The above culminated in a cane rush” in which frosh and sophomores lined up on opposite sides of Mackay Field. One sophomore carried a cane, or a stick which was called a “cane,” hidden as best he could. The object of the frosh was to stop all the sophomores in their rush across the field, and recover the cane. The sophomore’s objective was to carry the cane through the goal posts. Only one pass was made, so the sophomores either won or lost in a short time after the run was fired. The above was exciting and great scrimmage piles of students usually resulted, with a few lesser damages noted. That was a great event—the cane rush. I enjoyed it immensely. (9) Badger fights. Last year in the newspapers we heard quite a lot about a badger fight proposed by some of the students at the University. In my days, we actually had badger fights, and I’ll describe the procedure. A badger fight was not a fight between a badger and a dog, but rather a simple fraud carried out to poke fun at some particular student—usually a student who was somewhat bombastic or supercilious was chosen as the victim. So in due time, a group of his associates would promote a fight between a badger and a dog, and get the victim so intrigued with the

forthcoming event that he readily accepted the “honor” of pulling the rope out from the badger cage. This is exactly what the promoters of the tight wished him to do, and so much publicity was given the badger fight that when the great day arrived, usually on Mackay Field, or perhaps in the hollow, down below where the Engineering building now stands, there was a considerable group of students and faculty to watch the event. The “badger” was placed in a packing box, usually. The dog used in my day was a bulldog owned by the SAE fraternity. This bulldog was very well-trained by the boys to bark ferociously at the packing case. Emerging from the packing case was a long rope, and in due time, when the fight was about to start, and everybody was ready, the victim or sucker of the badger fight was told to grasp hold of the rope and then, on the signal of a shot fired or some other particular signal, they told him to grab the rope very firmly and run like the devil. And simultaneously, of course, some other students there would lift up the box, allowing the badger to escape. Of course, the victim, as he pulled on the end of the rope and ran a short distance away, was dragging something. Instead of a badger, however, it proved to be an old fashioned white chamber mug! Of course, everybody laughed, and this was the end of the badger tight. I saw several of those. One could not have another one immediately; you usually had to rest for about a year until a new crop of freshmen came in and hadn’t seen or heard about the previous year’s. After all, this was harmless, and sometimes it took one of the supercilious victims down a peg or two and probably did some good.

Continuing with some of the traditions from the old days, (10) the freshmen, early in the season, in September, gathered on a Saturday morning with buckets of whitewash

and painted the block “N”—a well-known symbol of Nevada which is on the adjacent hill in the northwest of Reno.

We had several class dances which were fun—the senior ball, the junior prom, the sophomore hop, and the frosh glee (or freshman glee). We had programs for all of these dances, and stags were allowed, and we had much fun dancing with lots of different partners instead of just one, as they do today. Also, the stags had a fine time, too. I think this system is much better than what the young people have today, because we could have a different girl every time we danced, and if we got tired of dancing, the stags would take over and give us a rest. It was great fun.

I take a dim view of the way the modern students and young people do; to take one girl to a dance and dance with her all evening. I witnessed one such dance as a chaperone some years ago, and it was a sort of a dismal, sad-looking affair compared to the sheer fun we had dancing with different girls throughout the evening. Ours were happy affairs, and the one I saw a few years ago, where no partners were changed, and no programs, was both to me and my wife, a rather dreary affair. We were very happy, both of us, that we lived in a different era, as far as dancing was concerned, and that's the truth.

At the regular class dances, I don't believe they had any particular refreshments other than punch, and it was soft punch—never spiked. Of course, we did have fraternity and sorority dances, and occasionally there might have been something else in the punch. After the dances, however, sometimes we took our dates downtown, and the favorite place was the old Mineral Cafe in Douglas Alley, which is now a gambling casino. Stacks of hot cakes, or “hots” as we called them, could be obtained for thirty-five cents and that's just what we ate very often, or perhaps a simple crab salad, or

something like that. We could actually have a fine time with good, clean fun for a dollar or two those days.

Most students did not own cars, including myself, so we walked or taxied. And taxis only cost thirty-five cents a trip in Reno. Take you any place, all over—any place in town. So it was no problem to pick up your date and take her home again; very little money, very little outlay. Times have certainly changed, and I don't know whether it's changed for the better or not, but I know some of the young people will now go out with their dates and spend maybe twenty-five dollars for dinner and dancing and booze. That's a lot of money. Also they perhaps give their date an orchid. I think that's a little bit expensive. Maybe the girls like it, though, I don't know.

Most school dances were held in the old gymnasium, which was recently razed. The only thing left at the present time is the basement, it being used, as I understand it, for a military firing range. It is immediately east of the new library. Fraternities and sororities and various school clubs had their special dances as well as the class dances, and these, I would say, were the principal means in my day for everybody to have a good time and get together.

We sometimes had school picnics at Bowers Mansion in the fall or the spring. Also as far as sports were concerned, we had occasionally skating on Manzanita Lake; I don't believe there was any skiing in those days, but there was a little sleighing, as well as skating, as I remember.

The old faculty members of the University were, for the most part, dedicated teachers of fine character and integrity. Some of the principal ones whom I remember very strongly were Dr. Leon W. Hartman, Professor of Physics; Stanley G. Palmer, Professor of Electrical Engineering; Professor Horace P.

Boardman, chairman of the Civil Engineering; Katharine Riegelhuth, Professor of English; Peter Frandsen, Professor of Biology and Pre-Medicine; Professor Blair Of Astronomy and Physics; Professor Charles Haseman, Department of Mathematics, and chairman of it; Professor Sears, Professor of Chemistry and later chairman; Katherine Lewers, instructor in art; and our librarian Joseph D. Layman. We had one professor who was a true eccentric, namely Professor Silas Feemster. Before going on to Professor Feemster, with an anecdote or two, I want to talk about some of these very fine professors who made such a deep impression on my life.

Dr. Leon W. Hartman, professor of Physics, was a perfectionist, and in my whole lifetime, he made the deepest impression on me as a student. If ever there was a dedicated professor and a perfectionist, it was Dr. Hartman. He was a fine person, very scholarly, a marvelous physicist, and well-traveled in Europe, so he could flavor his lectures with anecdotes and historical vignettes of the all-time great men of science. His laboratories were his chief pride and joy, and although he had limited money to buy equipment, much of it was built by himself, but it was built beautifully and with great precision. His laboratory experiments were, likewise, devised with a great love and a great perfectionism? When one got to know Dr. Hartman more closely, and he became more attached to a particular student, he became quite friendly and was actually humorous.

Now I want to talk a few moments about Dean Stanley G. Palmer. At the time I was in school, he was the chairman of the Electrical Engineering Department, and he was also a dedicated, excellent instructor. Dean Stanley Palmer's particular forte was in laboratory work and he had some beautiful laboratories—machine laboratories—and likewise very

nicely devised laboratory experiments for us electrical engineers. Perhaps I owe the bulk of my finest education as an undergraduate to these two men, Dr. Hartman and Stanley Palmer.

Professor Boardman, Chairman of Civil Engineering, was also a very excellent engineer and professor in the field of civil engineering. It was a pleasure and a privilege for me to have studies under such a fine, dedicated person, although I did not take as many courses under him as I did under Stanley Palmer, who was the chairman of my major subject.

I must say a few words about Charlie Haseman, professor of mathematics next. Professor Haseman was a very versatile person. Not only was he reputed to be a very fine mathematician but he was a person dedicated to the student body as well, because he engaged in the glee club activities for many, many years, and he was a member of Coffin and Keys, as I recall, and was very active with the students, and also very greatly interested in athletics, so he was very well thought of by the students. Charlie Haseman was a forcible character—a great big man, with a bluff exterior, and sometimes he'd engender fear in some of the junior students in Class. I can recall Charlie Haseman when he was in classes in the old days. And I can still see him in memory in old Morrill Hall where he had his office, and classroom adjacent to his office. Charlie was intolerant of stupidity, and sometimes it got him so upset he would leave the classroom in disgust. I can remember him sometimes asking a question around the class, in one of our mathematics classes required for engineering, and if he got one particularly unresponsive student that couldn't answer any of his questions, he'd take a piece of chalk and hammer it on the board and say, "What's that?"

And the student would say, “Oh, I don’t know.”

He’d say, “It’s a point! Can’t you see, that’s a point.” That was typical of Charlie Haseman.

Occasionally, he would make the rounds of the class, and no one having worked a particular problem (we’ll say in analytic mechanics), he would stalk out of the room and say, “Well, go home and study it,” and that would be the end of our morning lecture. I don’t really recommend that as good pedagogy, but nevertheless, that was one of the things that old Charlie did in the old days.

Another anecdote about Charlie Haseman—it occurred when he was driven to distraction one morning by the apparent denseness of one of our well-known Reno residents, namely Monk Ferris, a well-known Reno architect. And so, in sort of a frustrated anger, Charlie picked up a wooden backed eraser and threw it at Monk. Monk didn’t say a word, but just waited—bided his time until Charlie turned his back and went back to the board again, and then Monk let him have it in the back of the neck. This same performance was later repeated with a Federal Board student named Mickey Dwyer, as we called him. Charlie took it in stride, however, said nothing further. Probably figured that turnabout is fair play, as the old adage goes.

I had the pleasure of studying astronomy and a physics course under Professor Blair, who was really a dedicated astronomer. The love of his life was astronomy, and in later years he did very active work in amateur astronomy throughout the West. He formed a conference of amateur astronomers in the western states and was very greatly honored for this work. He also wrote widely in the newspapers and technical journals on astronomy, and lectured extensively. About 1925, he formed the Astronomical Society of Nevada, which was active for many years.

I remember an anecdote about Professor—or Dr.—James Edward Church, that I think ought to be worth telling. Dr. Church was, I think I can say with some certainty, somewhat eccentric and always stone sober. It was very seldom indeed, that one ever heard Dr. Church tell a joke. At least I never did except on one occasion, which I am going to recount now. This happened a few years ago, when he was invited to speak before the Astronomical Society—the local group in University people and town people, of which I was president for a number of years.

Dr. Church had spent a year or more over in Russia in connection with his work on snow surveying—and, as we all know, he has gone down in history as the “father of snow surveying” and therefore was quite eminent and known for this work on an international scale. Consequently, he was invited to go over to Russia and was accorded many, many honors over there.

He was telling us about his work and experiences over in Russia and at one point in his discussion he used the sentence, “It’s all in accordance with the point of view.” Then he went on to relate the story about a couple of hillbillies, a father and son who were sitting in front of their proverbial log cabin or shanty in the backwoods of Oklahoma, or Arkansas, or some other place in the hills. The old man saw something moving and picked up his long, pioneer squirrel gun and took very careful aim at one of the trees nearby and fired, and nothing happened. The squirrel didn’t drop down out of the tree. The old man sort of shook his head in incredulity—that he’d missed a shot. He picked up his rifle again, and took more careful aim this time and fired a second time, and still nothing happened. This was too much for the old father, and he turned around to the son and he said, “Well, son, I guess I better put the squirrel rifle away.

I'm losing my nip here—I missed that squirrel twice." The son came up close and took a good look at the old man, and he said, "Pop, you weren't shootin' at no squirrel. That's nothing but a louse hanging to your eyebrow."

This anecdote is worthy of recording, I believe, because it's the one and only time I heard Dr. Church tell a joke, and the audience was so imbued with the idea that Dr. Church was too sober to ever tell a joke, that not a single one of the whole audience laughed, except my wife, Gladys, and myself. We went, "Ha, ha, ha," and everybody turned around and looked at us if we were crazy. The fact of the matter is, they simply could not believe, with Dr. Church's sobriety, that he could ever tell a joke, and therefore it went over their heads. That's the only thing I can think of as an explanation—they never laughed.

Another thing I might mention here, although I don't know whether it ought to be published or not, is that during this same period of time, his son, Willis Church, was an alcoholic for a good many years of his life. I think it was on this occasion, or a subsequent occasion when his father was talking before the Society, that Willis interrupted his father rather strongly, probably due to the influence of alcoholic beverages, and then after the meeting, he stumbled and pretty near fell on his face. Poor Dr. Church. He had sore trials pith his son. Willis is down in the mental institution at Napa now, and has been for the last seventeen years. - He wrecked a brilliant career. Total loss, of society and himself, wife, and everybody else, because his mind is so affected with alcoholism that he's been no good. He can't ever support himself, and hasn't been able to for some twenty years, I guess. So there he is, down in Napa. He was not only a brilliant architect, highly trained in Pennsylvania, but a rather excellent artist,

that's just what he was. His artistic renderings and lettering and other works were just beautiful, but the bottle got him.

Professor Katharine Riegelhuth, of English, was a very fine professor and at the time of this recording, is still living, as I understand, in Reno. She is a very fine person.

I took one art course under Katie Lewers—as we used to call her—instructor of art. She taught us engineers a required course in freehand sketching—sketching of machinery and so forth. Katie Lewers lived on a ranch and commuted for years in a little Ford coup& back and forth every day. She was never married and, in later years, became a bit eccentric, as I understand. She raised ducks at her home in Washoe valley. She loved these ducks very much indeed. It was told to me that when one of these ducks would die, she would bury it under the front parlor—pull up a board and bury it underneath the front parlor of her home. I can verify this observation for what it's worth. On one occasion, my mother and father and sister and I were touring out in Washoe Valley and we stopped to see Katie Lewers, a friend of the family. Her brother particularly, had been an old Dayton friend of my father and mother in the old days. Mother looked around the field, in front of Katie's house, and observed some very fine ducks, and in an unguarded moment, not knowing of Katie's love of the ducks, my mother said, "Miss Lewers, would you care to sell a couple of ducks?"

And Miss Lewers looked at my mother and said, "Mrs. Harris, would you sell your children?"

Mother was properly squelched and said no more. That actually happened, I was there. But we might consider Katie Lewers' love for ducks as a rather mild and slight eccentricity.

We did have a professor who was a real, bona tide, true eccentric if ever there was one,

and that man was Silas E. Feemster, professor of political science and I think, sociology. Professor Feemster was considered by many people to be a very brilliant person. My only direct contact with him was in one class in political science. In appearance and manner was quite obvious, that he was, indeed, a true eccentric. Some of the students discovered (and it was passed on from year to year), that Professor Feemster had a terrible aversion to two things—slot machines and bawdy houses. And on the slightest provocation, if a student mentioned either one of these things in class, Professor Feemster would stop dead in his tracks, drop whatever he was lecturing about, and engage in a very spirited discussion against slot machines and bawdy houses—those were his pet aversions in life.

There are many other stories about Professor Feemster and his eccentricities. In later life he grew a red beard because one of his friends or associates told him he looked just like one of Christ's disciples. Likewise, he raised goats, and it seems to be well authenticated that Professor Feemster, with his close association with goats, was sometimes a little bit high himself, and perhaps needed to bathe more frequently. I have that from an eye-witness—I won't mention his name, but he said that was definitely true. I don't know whether you want this crazy stuff or not, but furthermore, another eccentricity which this same gentleman told me—he said that after Professor Feemster died, by golly, it was found that Professor Feemster had a hole dug in his backyard in which he was taking mud baths. Well, so much for Feemster. There are other stories about him, but these are perhaps sufficient.

I'll mention an anecdote or two about our librarian, whom we called "Daddy Layman." Sometimes he was called "Pussyfoot Layman" by the students, the reason being that he was

a great man for quiet, and the library that we had at the time that I was in school was a little, tiny library which now houses the School of Journalism. That building was our library in the old days. It's right there on the quad today. Daddy Layman had a great proclivity for "shushing" up the students and he would put his hand in front of his mouth and would say, "Shhhhhh, shhhhhh, quiet, quiet," and because he walked around on tiptoes to emphasize his desire for great quietude, the students called him "Pussyfoot Layman." Another little anecdote about Director Layman, the librarian; one of our electrical engineering students with quite a sense of humor was named Jimmy Shaver. (Jimmy Shaver, later in life, became quite active as a state engineer with the Colorado Power Commission, with principal offices down in Las Vegas. He did his principal work in life down there on that job.) One day Jimmy went into the library and got behind a stack of books in there and started to yelp like a dog, very loud. This brought an immediate reaction from Director Layman, who rushed around the end of the stack, and when Jimmy saw him he said, "He went this way, Professor, he went this way." And Jimmy ran around the stack and opened the door like he was letting out the dog and then came back and said, "Well, I got him out for you."

Daddy Layman said, "Oh, thank you very much, Mr. Shaver, thank you very much." I think the students in those days sort of plagued Director Layman by such pranks.

Another thing that disturbed him mightily was the placement of a big wad of chewing gum on a bust of Eugene Fields. I can still remember that big gilded bust of Eugene Fields which had a prominent place in our old library with gum parked on top of his bald head or perhaps on his nose.

Some of these anecdotes, although digressing a bit from the faculty, remind me

of another thing which I think is well worth mentioning here. We had a citizen here in Reno by the name of Charles Bull. Charlie Bull was for many years, I believe, a Justice of the Peace here in Reno. He had sort of an angular face and a tall, lanky frame, and somewhere along the line, someone discovered that when made up with side whiskers, he bore a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. So striking was the resemblance that Charlie Bull later went down to Hollywood, as I understand it, and played a few bit parts for one of the companies down there as Abraham Lincoln. Returning to Reno, he attracted so much attention with his side whiskers that for a number of years he kept them on. He did indeed, with the side whiskers and the lanky frame, and manner of dress affected, bear quite a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. One time during this period a student from Winnemucca, Albert Lowry, and myself were standing in front of the old Block N pool hall and billiard parlor, and soft drink establishment. This used to be a great gathering place for the college boys and high school boys, and stood pretty close to the northeast corner of Second and Virginia. It was like a club and was perfectly harmless. I enjoyed it in my days at high school and later at college. It was where you could meet all your friends and. shoot a genie of pool, or have a soft drink. We used to drink milkshakes, or Coca Cola, or something like that. Well, getting back to my story—I'm digressing a little bit, here. Al Lowry and I were standing in front of the old Block N and along comes Charlie Bull. Old Al had a dry sense of humor, and he took a look at him as he passed and he said, "You know, Ev, that SOB will never be satisfied until he's assassinated."

Another anecdote or prank I should mention here. Miss Margaret Mack was the matron for many years of the girl's dormitory,

Manzanita Hall. One year, some of the boys played a terrible prank on Miss Mack. They stole a stork from the biological museum, and somehow—nobody knows how—they got on top of the roof of Manzanita Hall and hung that stork up there. Needless to say, Miss Mack was, at least outwardly, outraged by such a performance. I sometimes think that some people in the old days did not have the proper sense of humor.

I have here a little note on fraternities and sororities. We had them in my undergraduate days, and most of them are still here on the campus at the present time. I want to make the statement that, although I was a member of a fraternity here during my undergraduate days, and enjoyed the sociability, I ultimately came to the conclusion that they were, and may still be, undemocratic and time-wasting. Much valuable student time is wasted by belonging to a fraternity or a sorority. In particular, I would apply the term "snobbish" to the sororities. Members belonging to such groups considered themselves to be elite, and perhaps, in some respects, they might have been; but I do not like that undemocratic idea in a university or school. However, they do some good, in providing housing; and they take some individuals and polish and develop them socially, and perhaps that is a considerable asset in life to those particular students who need that sort of polishing or developing. Also, one has to admit that the social activities are always pleasant. So there's pro and con for the case of fraternities and sororities. I won't be too dogmatic about it, but I still maintain they are undemocratic and time wasting. Whether the good points will offset the bad points I will leave to someone else to judge.

MY EARLY CAREER

In May of 1926, I graduated with a B.S. degree in electrical engineering from the University of Nevada. In August, I journeyed across the United States by train to Schenectady, New York, to work for the General Electric Company as a student test engineer. This was considered a choice opening for a young engineer because of the experience to be gained in a large manufacturing company like General Electric.

Modern long-distance travelers will perhaps never know the fun of traveling across the continent by train. The trip lasted three and a half days, and it was very pleasant and educational to see glimpses of new cities and the great open spaces of the United States. It was also an experience to eat in luxury on the fine diners that the Pullman trains carried. I always slept well on trains, the click of the rails and the pulsing staccato of the steam locomotive exhausts lulled me into pleasant dreams. Air travel holds no charms for me as did the Pullmans. Besides, one met many interesting people on a three and a half day

trip. I traveled with my schoolmate, Ramon Samuels, who graduated with me.

Arriving in Schenectady was a distinct change. There was rain, dampness, humidity and a green, lush countryside—a marked contrast from my native heath. Shortly after arrival, we secured rooms and later joined forces with another Nevadan, Laurence Mathews, and a young man from Arizona, John W. Butler. We four lived together for more than a year and had many pleasant associations.

The General Electric Company put us to work testing almost everything they manufactured, including high voltage cable, motors large and small, radio sets which used to squawk a lot, generators, turbines, refrigerators, instruments, etc., etc. Some tests were routine and boring; others were very fine, for example, on turbines and large alternators. We actually wired and instrumented these machines and tested them completely to insure their meeting factory specifications. It was a good experience in test work and also in meeting young engineers from all over the

United States and foreign countries My pay was ninety-two dollars per month. How times have changed. Our modern engineers that we graduate at the University of Nevada get about \$7,000, or \$8,000 a year, now, to start.

We belonged to the Edison Club, with facilities for canoeing, swimming, dancing, etc. Albany, the capital, was nearby. A large portion of the General Electric Company employees were of foreign extraction—"Polacks" as they were called. There were theaters in Schenectady but not much else in the way of big city attractions. It was a factory town, mainly. During our stay in Schenectady we took trips to New York City, Niagara Falls, and Montreal. True country hicks, we had to see the sights of large cities. One thing impressed me above all else, the eastern climate and its people were both cold. The Mohawk River froze over in October and stayed frozen until April. People made bets on the break-up date, as I understand they have been doing in Alaska for many, many years. We visited the racetrack at Saratoga but won no money.

After about a year in Schenectady I transferred to the General Electric transformer and regulator works at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where I tested transformers for several months. I liked Pittsfield and could well have stayed there if I had been offered a suitable opening. There being none available at that time, I left the company, returned home for Christmas vacation, and secured a job with the large engineering firm of Stone and Webster, with headquarters in Boston, Massachusetts. I could have stayed with the General Electric Company, of course, had I gone back to Schenectady, but I had had enough of the Schenectady climate, and was a bit homesick to boot, so I decided to go with Stone and Webster and perhaps then get

a transfer back out west again, which was in the back of my mind.

In January or February of 1928, I again traveled across the United States to Boston, and went to work as a student engineer in Stone and Webster's main office in downtown Boston. Mixing with proper and sober Bostonians was a new experience. The typical Boston commuter hung on a strap with one hand and read a newspaper with the other, and they probably still do. Courtesy on subway trains was not the order of the day—it was all rush and bustle and the devil take the hindmost. Boston had many interesting things to see of colonial history, for example, the Bowling Green at Lexington, the site of the Boston Massacre, Paul Revere's old North church, Faneuil Hall, Old South Meeting House, to name a few. My work in the Boston office was not too inspiring. We compiled statistics, made charts, wrote letters to operating companies, checked reports, etc.—more business than engineering. Finally came the day when this training was completed and I was shipped to their subsidiary operating company of Gulf States Utility Company in Beaumont, Texas.

Coming to semi-tropical east coast Texas from cold Boston was a jolt to the system. I had to quickly get a new wardrobe of Panama hat, thin suit, etc. The climate was humid, hot, and there was little or no air conditioning in Beaumont at that time. So we sweated profusely much of the time—the humidity enveloped us like a blanket. The Texans were typical southern people and were kindly and courteous, the antithesis of the general easterner at that time. For example, when a streetcar stopped to take on passengers, all the ladies went first, and even the men never pushed or crowded—seemingly, they were never in a hurry. Life was more easy-going

here. Negroes always sat in back and never with a white woman. Negroes never used the public wash rooms or drinking fountains. The latter came equipped with a faucet from which drinking water was drawn in a cup or a bottle by the Negro. Yet, the Negro was not abused. Rather, he was treated with a paternalism—a sort of kindly paternalism, I might say—but not on an equal basis, of course.

My work there with Gulf States Utilities Company was pleasant and interesting. I was sent in the field to learn construction of sub-stations and meter racks in the Texas oil fields. We built many of these for over a year. Then I took my place as a young engineer in the power transmission department, where I worked at drafting, estimating, planning, and making short circuit studies of power transmission networks for relay application. The experience was generally okay and I was making progress.

For recreation, we swam in the Naches River, played handball, golf, and danced when it was not too hot. The people were very friendly. Southeast Texas was spotted with oil fields of great value including the famed Spindle Top at Port Arthur. Port Arthur, on the gulf, was connected by a canal to Beaumont, Texas. It was a sight to question one's sobriety to see a ship apparently sailing in the middle of a level countryside in this canal. I stayed in Texas until the summer of 1931, at which time the nation was deep in the throes of the Depression which followed the 1929 stock market debacle. I had plans for marriage, but my superior advised against it and stated that we might be without jobs sooner or later. So I made my next move and left Texas for good.

A young, single man can be footloose and fancy free. After some thought, I decided to do a year's work at MIT and try for a master's

degree with the idea in view of improving my professional capability and securing a better position.

So I was accepted at MIT in the summer of 1931. What an impressive experience for a country boy to be actually enrolled as a graduate student in electrical engineering at MIT. I was inspired and worked intensively in the field of electric power transmission and distribution. I was single-purposed in my strong desire to achieve my goal. In general, my classes were well-taught and well worthwhile. I studied under men of national stature as Dwight Woodruff and Vannevar Bush. Professor Bush later became even more eminent by heading the highest national scientific advisory committee for the President of the United States during World War II. He also became president of a large technical university in the East and was, or is, a high administrator at MIT. Professor Bush was an unpretentious person. He originally came from Maine or Vermont and looked, for all the world, like a farmer—no airs, no bombast, no fastidious dress—he slouched and spoke with a New England accent, but he had a brain, and was a truly great person. I wrote and delivered a seminar paper under his direction, and how proud I was to receive his penciled note, "I like this;" and with another notation which I have forgotten, but could look up.

I lived in a dormitory on campus and worked intensively all year, then I proudly received my master's degree in electrical engineering, graduating with honors. Pleasures were few for me that year. However, I did walk for exercise and sometimes canoed on the upper reaches of the Charles River. Also I went by subway to Boston, just across the river, to show on a Saturday night occasionally.

A principal building that had a rotunda was a classic piece of architecture on the campus at MIT. On its facades were inscribed the names of the great men of science—Newton, Archimedes, Pasteur, Lavoisier, Hooke, Copernicus, Laplace, Curie, etc., to name a few. It had classic Grecian columns. I will always remember MIT by the mental image of this classic structure.

During the spring semester, I wrote letters of application for a teaching position to many universities all over the United States because I thought I would like to get into teaching work. But the Depression was in full bloom and I did not receive a single offer. Many answers noted regrets that funds were not available to increase the staff by a single person. So without a job, I returned to Reno, stayed with my parents for a little while and tried for an engineering job with western power companies. Again, no luck.

Finally, I was offered a job in Carson City with the Highway Department as an engineer at a small salary, and very gratefully accepted it. This was in 1933. Such were the times during the Depression. Many people had very little to eat. Men with families somehow got by on as little as \$115.00 per month. I was assigned a table in the drafting room where the plans and specifications for highway construction were prepared. The office force was then located across from the capitol in the old Heroes Memorial building, still in Carson. Total employees in the office numbered approximately sixty-five, as I remember, but I may be somewhat in error. There were probably twenty members on the engineering staff. Of course, the total highway employees, statewide, was probably about five hundred, because I had to sign about this many payroll checks. Much arm fatigue resulted from the operation, so I know the figure was several hundred.

When I arrived in Carson, the Republicans were in power under Governor Balzar, I think. Mr. Sam Durkee was State Highway Engineer and principal administrative engineers under him, in the Carson office were Billy Holcomb, Huston Mills, and George Egan. All were very capable men. Edgar Boardman was chief bridge designer, and Ernie Pohl was controller. For the first year I worked on plans, specifications, drafting, computing, estimating, and so forth, for highway construction. The work was not arduous and reasonably interesting. At least it was good, constructive work, designing highways. The years spent in Carson, five in number, were happy and mostly carefree. When the day's work was done one could relax for the evening and not carry the work home, as was later the case when I taught at the University of Nevada for about twenty-four years. When I was young—happy days.

In these days of high prices, I must comment on the cost of living in Carson. My office room in the bank building, used as bachelor's quarters, was ten dollars a month, with steam heat. My used Chevrolet coupe cost me \$300. Gasoline cost about fifteen cents a gallon, as I remember. Good meals at boarding houses, sixty cents or seventy cents for dinner—nice home-cooked meals, too. Meals at the restaurant—oh, perhaps seventy-five cents to a dollar. Clothing was very cheap. Automobile insurance—I paid sixteen dollars a year for my Chevrolet. Now I pay about ninety dollars. Theater tickets cost about forty-five cents for a movie. Cigarettes, fifteen cents a pack or less, and other things in proportion.

After about a year in Carson, the state administration changed from Republican to Democratic. Richard Kirman was elected governor of Nevada. New faces appeared in

Carson, including Robert A. Allen as the new state highway engineer. Naturally, he made many political changes in the highway department, but he did retain Huston Mills as the assistant chief highway engineer. Also practically all of the main engineers were retained because engineers were in demand, and it is difficult to pick up an engineer who knows the state highways system, who has not been trained in the system itself.

I was in a peculiar position, being a life-long Republican in a Democratic administration; but, also, I happened to be a close friend of my father's associate in business over the years, Governor Kirman. By this stroke of luck, I was quickly elevated to the junior administrative position of Office Engineer, in charge of advertising bids for highway construction, receiving bids, accepting bonds, aiding in the award to the low bidder, and attending to business correspondence. In addition, I was made Secretary to the Highway Board of Directors. Also, I did some engineering and statistical work such as designing highway lighting systems. Later I served as a consultant for the state of Nevada in connection with the adjudication of Boulder Dam power. I was kept pleasantly busy and the work was not difficult. I had many friends in Carson. For example, Governor Kirman and Judge Coleman, Gray Mashburn—who was then the attorney general. I was acquainted also with "Molly" Malone, later United States Senator for Nevada, and Alfred Merritt Smith, affectionately called "Long Tom."

Carson City in the '30's was a quiet, small town of approximately 3,000 people. The main street was faced with lovely poplar trees, and the many other beautiful trees in Carson lent an atmosphere of quiet country charm. There were no garish gambling houses then. These came later, with the chopping down of the trees on Main Street, in the name of

progress. It has always seemed to me strange that the chamber of commerce boys are never satisfied with smallness. They must beat the bushes for more people, more industry, more of everything in the name of civic progress. When they have achieved their objectives, they have also gained the concomitant problems of congestion, increased taxes, polluted air and water, increased business competition, and much less desirable living. Then when they have made a concrete jungle of the countryside, they are apparently satisfied.

Carson had a delightful climate, with clear, crisp air at night and in the mornings. In the fall everyone burned the fallen leaves which lent a pleasant fragrance.

The V & T railroad was running in the '30's to Virginia City, Reno and Stewart. It was a thrill to watch old No. 27 locomotive leave Carson in the late afternoon with its combined freight and passenger consist, and literally puff, pant, and struggle in its ascent to Lakeview Crossing out of Carson. The V & T was a bit of the old, historic past. I rode the last excursion train to Virginia City in July, 1938, and took pictures. The train was double-headed, with a classic 4-4-0 type, No. 26 or 27, as I remember. It is regrettable that a portion of the V & T was not kept in operation, say from Carson to Virginia City, as a tourist attraction. It could break even or make money in the above capacity nowadays, as have other famous short steam lines in Colorado and elsewhere. The V & T is probably the most famous short line in the history of American railroading. It is fortunate, however, that the principal rolling stock has been carefully preserved in Hollywood and elsewhere. Perhaps it may run again someday. I hope it will. The right-of-way is mainly intact from Empire to Moundhouse, to American Flat, to Gold Hill. I rode over it two weeks ago in my

four-wheel drive International Travel-all. It's a great trip.

And for the record, I rode the V & T on its last passenger run—Carson to Reno—on May 31, 1950. And lastly, although I have some nice V & T and other railroad pictures in my collection, the collection of Dean Stanley C. Palmer is nonpareil. He was a railroad fan taking pictures in 1910. He also has shots of Reno's first streetcars and Southern Pacific Railway early trains. Many of his pictures have been published by Messrs. Beebe and Clegg and other writers of railroadians.

To return to the Highway Department, after this slight digression on V & T railroad, I remember a few of my workmates—Johnny Dennison, Elwood Rose, Stanley Sundeen, Ed Hersey, Bernard Hartung, Hugh Lamb, Lucille Bath, Gray Mashburn, Elma Gottschalk, Bernice White, Katherine O'Brien, Doris Cavanagh, and Bonnie—who worked in the controller's office—(I've forgotten her last name), Lou Meder, Eck Holgate, Dale Pruitt, Dutch Berning, Ernie Pohl, Grace Thomas, Thrya Hatton, Alice Quinlan. "Monk" Ferris and Ed Parsons worked for a short time there also. We built many important links in our state highway system, including the new road to Virginia City, but highway construction is not very glamorous, so I cannot think of any particular notable events.

I had many pleasant visits with Governor Richard Kirman—he was a kindly, generous man of high integrity; although not a politician in a professional way, he still had considerable political acumen. After one four-year term, he suddenly decided to return to civilian life, even though he could have been reelected easily. Evidently he had had enough of politics.. It was difficult to satisfy all the political job seekers.

These are rather brief sketches of some Carson City people whom I knew during the

period I worked in the highway department from 1933 to 1938:

George W. "Molly" Malone had an office upstairs in the old Heroes Memorial building, which housed the highway department on the lower floor. He was State Engineer, concerned mainly, I believe, with water rights. I knew him only superficially. I do know he was always vigorous and forceful Judge Ben Coleman was Justice of the Nevada State Supreme Court. He lived near the governor's mansion. He and I became acquainted because he was a close friend of my father. I also had gone to the University with his daughter, Betty, and knew her quite well. Judge Coleman was a typical, serious-minded jurist. I believe he was of southern extraction. He was very friendly, kindly, and had a courtly manner. We had many friendly talks together.

One thing I remember, particularly on account of subsequent events, was his preoccupation with chiropractic treatments, which he recommended highly for health purposes. He journeyed to Reno about every two weeks, he told me, for a massage and treatment. Some few years later, they found the poor man hanging in his woodshed in a self-made harness which he had contrived to stretch his neck as a chiropractic measure. Evidently he had arthritis in his neck joints. He was quite dead. Perhaps cardiac failure was responsible while he was in the harness, but it does seem strange for an intelligent man to stretch his neck in a harness—darned strange, I would say. But I'd swear in a court of law, he was preoccupied with chiropractic treatment. Poor old Judge Taber, his associate on the Supreme Court, found him hanging in that harness and he almost suffered a heart attack, too.

Gray Mashburn was Attorney General for the state of Nevada during my service in the highway department in Carson City—and

before and afterwards, for that matter. I knew Gray Mashburn because he was a highway director, and I served as secretary to the Board for several years. He was also of southern extraction, I believe, and also dignified and courtly. I did not know him too well, but he was a good politician and kept in office for many years. I believe him to have been a competent attorney general. So I can't say too much about him except I knew him.

Tom Smith was appointed State Engineer to replace Molly Malone during Governor Kirman's administration. I knew him as a man of high character and integrity and competence. I worked with him on several occasions in connections with the adjudication of Boulder Dam power for the state of Nevada. I served as electrical engineer and consultant. We journeyed to Los Angeles on at least one occasion to have a parley with the city of Los Angeles representatives. As I recall, the efforts of Tom Smith for Nevada were successful. He did much for Nevada and was a true Nevadan, greatly respected by all who know him. He is retired and I saw him recently at a Dayton, Nevada, reunion held last May, in which the old-timers of Dayton, or anybody that had lived there, gathered for a picnic and a general exchange of reminiscences.

William Holcomb is the next man I will say a few words about. He was Office Engineer when I first came to work for the Highway Department, and later Planning Engineer, and State Highway Engineer after I had left. Billy was a smart, competent engineer and administrator. He was cheerful and friendly. He made a career of engineering for the state Highway Department from about 1918 on and did as much as anybody in the state for the building of Nevada's present fine highway system. Presently, Billy Holcomb is working for the City of Reno, I believe, in the planning

department—either that or for the county. He's still very active in the capacity of general planning work.

Huston D. Mills is the next person I want to talk about. He was Assistant State Highway Engineer during Durkee's and Allen's tenure as state Highway Engineers. Later he became State Highway Engineer for many years. I admired Huston Mills; he was a prince to work for. He was kind, courteous, friendly, and never officious or arrogant. Also he was, in my opinion, highly competent as an engineer and administrator dealing with the public and the politicians. Like Holcomb, he spent his life with the department and did an eminently fine job building our state highway system. He is still living in Carson and retired. I have not seen him in several years.

George Egan—here was a man who did most of the top-level designing of highways while I was in Carson, also before and afterwards. George was without a doubt the most competent technical engineer in the whole state department for highway design and construction. He worked closely with the Bureau of Public Roads representatives and approved all final designs. He served the state well for many years. Finally, I believe he left for Sacramento, and went to work for the Bureau of Public Roads, perhaps at an advanced salary and a better position. That would have been the reason, I'm sure, that he left.

Edgar Boardman was the chief bridge designer for the highway department for many years. I think he recently retired, about last year. He spent many years as a chief designer of bridges and was a very competent designer, to my best knowledge. He was the son of Horace Boardman, Professor and head of the Civil Engineering Department of the University of Nevada for many years. Edgar had fine experience with Chicago Bridge

and Iron Works as a bridge designer before coming back to work for the Nevada Highway Department. As an individual, when I knew him, he was colorless. His character and reputation, however, were all fine.

Ernest Pohl was a likable, smiling, competent Chief Accountant for the highway department for many years. He had a staff of several sub-accountants and clerks working under him. He was with the department for most of his active life and contributed good work for the state. I think he died some years ago.

Robert A. Allen attended the University of Nevada and studied engineering. Before he came to the highway department as state highway engineer, under Governor Kirman's administration, he was state engineer—note the difference between State Engineer and State Highway Engineer—they are two separate and distinct jobs. He was appointed by Governor Kirman and served during Kirman's and Carville's administrations, and perhaps in Russell's before his retirement. He was industrious and competent, I believe, for the position he held, which is not so much engineering but, rather administrative, political, and public relations in character. He was temperate in habits and did not drink or smoke. He was also religious. I worked under him for four years and I had cordial relations with him. I did not always agree with some of his personnel appointments, but I suppose in politics one must remember "to the victor belongs the spoils."

I think that about sums up the associates that I knew in Carson City, to any degree at least.

In the summer of 1938, Dean Frederick Wood of the mathematics department of the University of Nevada invited me to join the staff of the mathematics department. After some thought, I accepted his offer at a lower

salary than that which I was making, which at that time was about \$235.00 a month—a very handsome salary, considering the Depression. I was attracted by the thought of finding more challenging theoretical work at the University of Nevada, and was fairly tired of politics. So I left the Highway Department in August of 1938 and started my career at the University of Nevada.

MY PROFESSIONAL CAREER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

At the University of Nevada—particularly the first year—my assignment as an instructor of mathematics under the chairman, Fred Wood, was to teach analytic mechanics, calculus, trigonometry, and algebra, for a total of sixteen credit hours per week. This was rough for a newcomer. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, I stood on my feet for four hours straight, from eight to twelve, lecturing. This is a ferocious load for college work. I suppose money was in short supply and they figured it would make me or break me. I stood it for the year, but was very tired when the year was over.

Dr. Leon W. Hartman became president that year, as I remember. He was an able, dedicated teacher and a perfectionist in his work. He was highly regarded as an administrator of high integrity, but he lacked the ability to delegate authority to subordinates. He worked late at night, and the strain probably proved too much for him, for he died suddenly after about three years in office. Nevada lost a man very difficult to replace.

Dean Frederick Wood talked me into going back to school for a doctor's degree after my first year at the University. I received a teaching assistantship and admission to graduate school at the University of California in Berkeley, with a leave of absence from Nevada. The summer of 1939 saw me at Berkeley starting my work in the mechanical engineering department, specializing in the fields of mechanical vibrations and elasticity.

The University of California at Berkeley is a large school, but there were only a very few students working for their Ph.D.'s in the mechanical engineering department at that time in 1939, hence, I was accorded very fine treatment by Dean Maurice O'Brien, Professor dyne Garland, Weibel, Baldwin Wood, L. N. K. Boelter, and others. The courses were good, and I enjoyed my work teaching and studying. In due time, I selected a thesis topic, "The Effects of Foundation Mass, Elasticity, and Damping on the Critical Speeds of an Unbalanced Rotor." This is in the field of mechanical vibrations, which is very important in modern technology. I took

courses in vibrations, elasticity, advanced mathematics, and electrical engineering, and built laboratory equipment for my thesis. I studied French and German by myself, without benefit of teaching. After about two years of sweat and toil, living a hermit-like existence, I finally made my objective and received a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering.

The Berkeley campus was inspiring and beautiful with its fine architecture and trees and shrubs. Near the engineering buildings there was a park-like, somewhat primitive, area. One night late, in cutting across this area going home, I met a skunk who was in my path, but I did not argue the point nor dispute the way; rather, I beat a hasty retreat. The Bancroft Library on campus was a treasure of information. How I enjoyed using it, and how I enjoyed walking the pathways on this beautiful campus.

The “Commies” were at Sather Gate back in 1939 passing out their subversive literature. So it is not surprising to read about beatniks, hippies, commies, and other troublemakers in present times on and about the Berkeley campus. They should have been dealt with roughly by the students. This would have been an easy way to get rid of them.

My pleasures were few at Berkeley—an occasional show or visit with my sister in Piedmont, and rarely, a trip back to Reno. Before graduations, and before Pearl Harbor, the approaching United States’ involvement in World War II was strongly felt. I predicted we would be in it in a short time, and such proved to be the case. My thesis advisors were Professor dyne Garland and Professor L. M. K. Boelter. The latter went to UCLA in Los Angeles later, as Dean of Engineering, and served there many years until his death about a year ago. He was a very fine person. Both Professor Garland and Professor Boelter were

high-class scholars and individuals, and I owe much to them.

In September of 1941, I returned to teaching at the University of Nevada, and was assigned work not only in mathematics but also in engineering. This pleased me. After Pearl Harbor, things were in a mess, with some instructors and many men students leaving for the services. I taught a great mixture of courses for one and a half years before obtaining a commission as full Lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve in December of 1942. So I left also, for the duration of the war, or until the spring of 1946 when I again returned to my former teaching assignment.

NAVAL SERVICE

During service in the United States Navy, World War II, 1942-1946, my first assignment was to the Boston Navy Yard, where I was trained in anti-submarine warfare. A bit of explanation is in order. When an enemy submarine is submerged, the only practical system of detection by a surface vessel is echo-ranging by a super-sonic sound beam. This beam is generated electronically from a ship’s sound projector fastened beneath its hull, and it can be trained in space like a searchlight in the air. This, of course, is an inaudible beam of sound in sea water. When the beam strikes a body like a submarine, or a whale, the beam is reflected back into the projector, and a simple timing device will yield the range. The position horizontally of the projector gives compass bearing, so we have range and bearing, but not depth, with the equipment at that time. When a contact on an enemy submarine was made, the sonar operator tried to maintain contact, giving range, and bearing and Doppler effect. The conning officer used this information to steer a proper ship’s course to intercept the

submarine and fire a string of depth charges over him, or in lieu of depth charges, to fire a pattern of fast sinking projectiles called “hedgehogs” about him. The attack technique took skill and practice by the sonar attack team, but it did prove successful in the war.

In Boston, then, we were taught attack techniques, and after about six weeks we were sent to Key West in the Gulf of Mexico to patrol and practice with destroyers and our own submarines. We were at sea there for several weeks, and then returned to Boston for an assignment. Sailing on destroyers was a novel experience to a born desert rat. I was almost immune to seasickness—very lucky. My assignment after leaving Boston was to San Diego for some training in sonar gear, and after that, to patrol and training work off coastal United States and Mexico. I rode destroyers and other naval vessels equipped with sonar gear. We alternately stayed at sea for a specified time and then put into port for supplies.

I presume part of our mission was to protect the coast from Jap submarines. During patrols we searched the area with sonar. After a year of this, they sent me back to Boston for assignment on convoy duty in the Atlantic. This was in 1944. Upon arrival there, I found a large officer pool awaiting assignment. Due to my age and academic experience, they sent me to Anacostia, District of Columbia, as a liaison officer for submarine sonar in the Naval research laboratory. This was manned by civilian scientists working on radar, sonar shock vibrations, and many other things relevant to war weapon development. With this as a base from which to operate, I spent the last year and a half. I was sent on missions to New London, Connecticut, and Portland, Maine, where I boarded submarines and put to sea. On these

assignments we tested new experimental sonar submarine equipment. Riding submarines was a fascinating experience, one which I will never forget. It was good duty. A submarine is an engineering marvel, the crew, hand picked and carefully trained. When submerging or surfacing, every man must be at his post and do the correct thing at the right time.

While in Anacostia, I had the pleasure of seeing the pretentious government buildings in the District of Columbia, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Lee’s Mansion, the Capitol, and so forth, and in particular Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. It was an inspiring sight. Also one short trip to Harper’s Ferry, of historic note, and one to New York City, on a short leave. This about sums up the Navy experience.

In early 1946, I was detached and sent to San Francisco for discharge, thus ending my Naval career. A few months before discharge I was promoted to Lt. Commander, with two and one-half stripes, as we used to refer to rank. I will remark that in the service there are periods of interest and excitement and others of sheer boredom. One must obey orders and follow established routines even if at times they appear stupid. Sometimes one wonders how a war is won with so much foul-up—probably by sheer mass inertia. The enlisted men had a rather colorful expression for someone that was really “fouled up,” as they termed it. In their own words they would refer to somebody as being “as fouled up as a married mess cook.” Evidently a married mess cook was the worst foul-up that they could think of.

BACK TO THE UNIVERSITY

Now, I think the next thing is my return to the University of Nevada and continuous

service from 1946 to 1967, about twenty-one years. I returned in February, 1946. Professor Stanley G. Palmer was then Dean of Engineering

On my return, the College of Engineering was almost devoid of faculty and students, but not for long. The following September, the veterans returned in force and for several years thereafter enrollment was peaked. I taught a mixture of mechanics, electrical engineering and mechanical engineering courses for the first year or year and a half, or until more professors returned or new ones were hired. After that, I taught regular mechanical engineering courses in the mechanical engineering department, including analytic mechanics, which had been under the aegis of the mathematics department for years back. Later the mechanical engineering department took it over with myself as the principal teacher. Professor J. R. Van Dyke was chairman of the mechanical engineering department until his retirement in 1962, or thereabouts. He was a fine man to work for, as was also that outstanding educator and Dean, Stanley G. Palmer.

For several years Professor James R. Van Dyke, Professor William Van Tassell, a younger man, and myself did almost all the teaching in the mechanical engineering department. Our teaching loads were heavy—eleven, twelve, or thirteen credits per semester—with high contact hours, when laboratory time was considered in our load. There was no time for research or writing papers. We dedicated ourselves to teaching, and tried to make it good. Professor Van Tassell built our mechanical engineering laboratories up from practically nothing. I concentrated on design courses such as machine design, kinematics, statics, dynamics, mechanical vibrations. The last

few years before retirement, I dropped some of the above, and added automatic control systems, and advanced dynamics—these were graduate courses.

The engineering faculty remained small for many years, or until about 1961, when it started to expand rather rapidly. Dean Palmer retired about 1958, when Professor Blodgett, then the head of the civil engineering department, was appointed Dean. He held this position for six years, until he, in turn, retired, and the present dean, James T. Anderson, was made dean. Dean Anderson is a young, pleasant, highly capable, honest administrator and is held in high regard by his faculty, which numbers now, I think, about twenty-five members.

The new Scrugham Engineering building was completed a few years ago and was a welcome, much needed addition to the Engineering College. It houses the civil engineering and electrical engineering facilities, while the mechanical engineering department took over exclusively the Stanley G. Palmer Engineering building, which is immediately adjacent to the new Scrugham Engineering building.

Outside of physical growth, the major change effected in the engineering college over the last few years was the addition of graduate courses for masters' programs. The output has been fairly small thus far, but is probably justified on the grounds of general progress, but make no mistake, it is expensive for the state. When full professors teach a few graduate students, the expense per student for graduate work is very considerable. The mechanical engineering department has an excellent staff now, headed by an able department chairman, Dr. George E. Sutton. The latter is very agreeable to work for and is forthright and honest, and that is something to remark, in this present age.

I'm going to talk a little bit about students and curriculum. There has been little change in the engineering students during the last twenty years, except they have had more training in higher mathematics in recent years. A typical engineering student has always been serious, hardworking and dedicated. And well he might be, with the load he has to carry of hard-core professional courses. I would say that most of our students in mechanical engineering, over the past twenty years that have graduated, have been good, solid, conservative types. I do not know of any rabble rousers or one hundred percent beatnik types. Seemingly, engineering rarely attracts these types. Some few of our graduates have been brilliant, and many today are very successful in the engineering profession.

Forty years ago, when I graduated, with a Bachelor of Science degree, the engineering courses were more practical than today. Then, laboratory courses and report writing were stressed heavily; also numerous courses of a practical nature, as machine shop, welding, forging, and wood-working were required. For the past fifteen years, the emphasis has been on courses heavily laced with mathematical theory, with laboratory minimized and report writing somewhat minimized as a result of that, and practical courses were dropped for the most part. Too much mathematical treatment has taken some of the joy and interest out of engineering, with a loss of many good potential engineering students.

Some textbooks are now badly written by pseudo-engineering professors, or pure mathematicians. This is bad. Mathematics should always be the tool and not the master of engineering, for engineering is an applied science for the benefit of mankind. Engineering is not a recreation ground for the abstract theoretician. Thus, for example,

some basic analytic mechanics texts have been made the vehicle for teaching Vector Algebra, instead of basic mechanics for engineers. This is very bad. Such texts should be discarded, or never even adopted in the first place.

Another change of great significance is the impact of computers—both digital and analog—on engineering and engineering education. Herculean labors requiring months to perform are reduced to days or weeks by computer use. Naturally, modern engineering courses now teach computer usage. In general, then my observation is that the curriculum content is considerably harder today than it was forty years ago, but it was always hard.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN

During the time I was an undergraduate at the University of Nevada, in the period '21 to '26, we had one president, namely Walter E. Clark, who I believe had the longest tenure of any president of the University of Nevada—something like seventeen or eighteen years. Now his regime was marked with quietude and I don't recall having anything to do with him as an undergraduate except to see him on public occasions, and particularly commencement days, things of that sort.

I want to talk about the presidents that I served under as a student and also later as a professor of engineering at the University of Nevada. I have served under the following presidents and acting presidents—Clark, Hartman, Gorman, Moseley, Parker, Love, Stout, and the present president, Armstrong. The administrations of these presidents prior to Stout's may be characterized by rectitude, peace, harmony, friendliness and democracy. These presidents treated their faculties with respect, equality, and consideration.

The faculty admired President Love as a kindly, democratic leader of high integrity. Freedom of speech and democratic faculty action existed then, as always, on the campus. The general faculty met, deliberated and legislated on important academic matters such as standards, curricula, schedules, expansion, changes, approval of graduates, petitions, and similar matters. Each member of the faculty could, and did, stand up and speak his mind without fear of recrimination. The Faculty Welfare Committee existed and was active; the American Association of University Professors was active and worked for the betterment of the University. Committees consisted of faculty members selected for their ability, and these committees voted and acted in a spirit of free democracy. All in all, it was a happy community of scholars. President Love left the University in the fall of 1952 to become president of San Diego State Teachers College.

After President Love left in the summer of 1952, the Board of Regents selected Minard W. Stout as the new president. He took office in September, 1952. Many persons were surprised to learn of his previous experience and qualifications. He came to Nevada from the position of principal of the Laboratory High School, in the University of Minnesota. Prior to that job, he had been principal of several Iowa high schools. His doctoral dissertation was entitled: "The Extra-curricular Finance Activities of the Iowa High Schools for the year 1941—or '42—I don't know which. His field was teacher education.

One of his first steps after taking office was the lowering of admission standards to the University. Soon also, it became evident that the general faculty meeting as an instrument of democratic legislative powers was to be a thing of the past. One heard rumblings of his discontent with and contempt for faculty

committees, and new phrases, "chain of command" and "proper channels," became common.

Meanwhile, Professor Frank Richardson distributed copies of a printed paper, written by a professor at the University of Illinois, named Bestor, entitled "Aimlessness in Education." Richardson distributed this to some members of the faculty, and unfortunately, and naively, he sent one to Stout. That was a mistake. This seemed to send Stout into a cold rage. The harsh tongue lashing he gave Richardson is a matter of public record. Events then moved rapidly. On February 18, 1953, Stout called a general faculty meeting and in cold rage he launched into a tirade of denunciation of faculty members, which lasted fifty minutes. I was there. The most shocking part of this tirade was: "I was taught to fight fair and to fight foul and I can (or will) fight foul," and he did.

The following April, Stout attempted to fire five faculty members, but finally settled on Dr. Frank Richardson. The evil machinations and senseless charges are a matter of record and will not be discussed here. Ultimately, the state supreme court set aside the discharge of Dr. Richardson and ordered his reinstatement.

The reputation of the University was blackened and degraded on the local, state, and national level. Stout was criticized for his administration and treatment of faculty in such books as *Academic Freedom in Our Times*, *Academic Freedom*, *Educational Wastelands*, *The Restoration of Learning*, and in news articles in *The Chicago Tribune*, *The New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Los Angeles Times*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the *Wall Street Journal*.

The faculty was demoralized, browbeaten, and intimidated for several years under his regime. Faculty members did not dare to criticize Stout and his policies except behind

closed doors, and among trustworthy friends, for fear of recriminations. Many faculty members who testified for Richardson in a public hearing held by the regents were punished in one way or another. For example Harold N. Brown, Fritz Melz, Thomas N. Little, Robert Gorrell, William Miller, Irving J. Sandorf may be mentioned. Dr. Brown lost salary—considerable salary—by being removed as summer school director. On the other hand, those members who testified for the administration were rewarded, salary-wise, or given promotions, or both. Witnesses for Stout in the Richardson trial were: Ruth Russell, Elaine Mobley, Fred Wood, Roger Hicks, A. L. Higginbotham, Ira LaRivers, and William Smythe. Some received rewards for their testimony and were placed on various committees of importance.

The local chapter of the American Association of University Professors, was, in effect, attacked and broken in April of 1953, when Richardson and Little, then officers of the AAUP, were put under fire. The administration tried to smear the national AAUP with a taint of Communism during the Richardson trial, but were not successful. The faculty welfare committee was in effect destroyed by Stout after the Richardson trial and was never reinstated, at least during his regime.

In April of 1955, at a regent's meeting, Stout mentioned the possibility of reinstating a faculty welfare committee but termed it a "wailing wall."

The general faculty meeting as an instrument of democratic faculty action on academic matters including policy, approval of candidates for degrees, changes of curricula, tenure, admission, and so forth, was destroyed by Stout from the outset of his regime. A few general faculty meetings were held, but on such occasions they were held

only for the purpose of guided discussion, or information, with no legislation. When Stout wanted to tell the faculty something, he would hold one, and that was about all. Only twice was any vote of any kind allowed. On these two occasions, Stout asked the faculty to mark ballots to elect members to a committee he termed "the committee to which I may come for advice"—whatever that meant. When the voting was complete, Stout pocketed the ballots and announced the results several months later. He actually did this—it's unbelievable.

The results were surprising to many faculty members. For example, a certain professor was elected chairman of this committee, even though he was never noted for his great popularity with faculty or students.

After a second election, at a general faculty meeting on or about November, 1954, Stout again collected the ballots, and on March 11, 1955, sent notices to "elected members" to attend a meeting in the president's office on March 14, 1955, at 4:00 p.m. At that meeting, Stout opened the meeting by saying that we had been elected by ballot, and that "I, myself, counted the ballots both times—both elections." This action is typical of Stout's regime. It should be noted that nothing beneficial ever came out of the discussions at these committee meetings.

Many months later, in the fall of 1955, Dean William Wood announced the inauguration of "faculty forums" to be held once a month for the purpose of discussion only, and I might add, guided discussion. On a mimeographed sheet, passed out to the faculty at "faculty forum" held December 13, 1955, the Committee on Voting Privileges clearly stated as a result of conferences with Dean William Wood that, "the Faculty Forum is not a legislative body." Thus, it should be obvious that the general faculty, as a

democratic, legislative body, was completely destroyed by Stout. The once democratic faculty committees, which acted freely in the old days, were made instruments of convenience for Stout. Indeed, all the important committees were considered by many professors to be “loaded” with deans and administrative “yes men” so as to insure a majority of votes on any important step that arose. After the Richardson trial, the biased selections were quite obvious.

In the fall of 1953, Stout and the Regents made all members of the University staff sign a statement that they did not belong to the Communist Party. This was done despite the fact that there was no question of Communism among the faculty members at the University. Why were University professors singled out for this treatment among all the employees of the state of Nevada? Why weren’t public school teachers, highway department employees, etc., asked to sign a similar statement?

The Stout administration was characterized by a very top-heavy administrative set-up, with the creation of new deans and new colleges. Several of the new deans appointed were from the University of Minnesota from whence came Stout. Also many of his principal assistants, such as William Wood, Garold Holstine, and Carlson, were, like himself, teacher educationists. It seemed to us that a broader selection of talented men with diverse training and from diverse geographical areas should have been selected to greater advantage to the University.

Stout controlled the press during his regime, and the publicity. And many of us observed that the press notices were many times misleading or an equivocation of the truth, or a simple prevarication of the truth. On one or two occasions, he attempted to intimidate a local reporter, James Hulse,

presently professor of history at the University of Nevada, because of his objective writings, or reporting, which were not always, in fact, favorable to Stout. Oh, Stout was really upset about that.

Figuratively speaking he tried to whip everyone in line with a club, you know, that fellow. He was something, let me tell you. The chairman of the Board of Regents, Silas E. Ross, had close personal ties with editors John Sanford and Joe McDonald of the Reno papers and with Al Cahlan of the Las Vegas Review Journal. These editors came to the editorial defense of the Regents many times when they came under fire. Even when the state Supreme Court reversed the Richardson dismissal, the local papers tried to whitewash the Supreme Court decision in one or more editorials.

Why did Si Ross and the other regents hire Stout in the first place? It is thought by some that Silas Ross was angered at a small group—primarily English professors—who were rather, let’s say, vocal in the old time-faculty meetings, and perhaps did a little bit of politicking on the side you know, in passing certain faculty legislation. Perhaps this also angered a University president or two, and perhaps this was brought back to Si Ross and the regents, and perhaps they just decided, they were going to clean them out. So Stout was hired and that started the ball rolling. Stout was just waiting to do something, so when Richardson sent him that article by Bestor, it sent him into a cold rage. He next tried to fire five professors, including Professor Richardson. After that of course, he simply took away the faculty meetings as an instrument of any sort of power at all. I believe that’s about the best I can say for that, and that’s what has been told to me. The regents and Stout just decided they wanted to get rid of the English “boys,” presumably

just because they were more politic, and vocal in the faculty meetings, and were perhaps influencing, or preventing some things that the president wanted. What else, I don't know.

Well, it was a battle royal. You see, the faculty were fighting Stout tooth and toenail, and Stout was fighting the faculty. And the regents, all except Bruce Thompson, were backing Stout, and they were determined that Stout was going to stay there. And yes, it was a vindictive business, and underhanded fighting was going on on both sides. It was a real battle, I'll tell you, a bitter controversy, and those of us that went through it will never forget it. It was very bitter. Somebody, probably Stout, got to them and said, "Well, if you'll testify against Richardson, we'll break this case and get Richardson fired, and if you're a good person and you work with the administration, we'll take care of you." That's about the size of it—opportunism would be the answer.

I don't hate all these people. In fact, I always liked Professor Hicks. He didn't say much anyway, he got up and made a token statement about Richardson or about that paper that Richardson sent them, and that really wasn't anything bad. They had been told, or asked, to testify for Stout and they did so, and of course, it paid dividends for most of them in one way or another—faculty promotions, and so forth, whereas the reverse was true for those who testified for Richardson.

Internal trouble developed within various departments. The most notable controversial mess, I guess, occurred in the biology department. Richardson was chairman at the time he was fired for one year, and after the end of that year he was reinstated by the Supreme Court of the state of Nevada. He returned, but without getting his chairmanship back. It was given to Ira LaRivers. Stout and the

regents could not tire Richardson because the Supreme Court in their decision said he had been fired without cause and he must be reinstated forthwith. Since they couldn't fire him Stout worked on him, with the aid of certain members of the biology department, and made his life so miserable that after one year, he just quit the University and went to the University of Washington, where I believe he is at the present time.

About the biology department, and the internal warfare that existed in there—there was Richardson, and one or two other of the professors that were very good to Richardson, and then there were others who were trying to make life miserable for him, and they apparently did so, along with Stout. For example, when he returned to the University that fall, they gave him a poor schedule. Some of the things that he was competent to teach, he was not allowed to teach, and one or two courses that he was not very well up on, they gave him to teach. They didn't even give him an office—no office assigned to him at all. One of the friendly professors moved a desk in and allowed Richardson to use half of his office.

It's rather unbelievable but these things did actually happen, but they can be verified by talking to other members of the faculty at the present time who are at the University. Some of the older professors know of these things which I am telling you, or you can ask Bruce Thompson—ex-regent—Judge Thompson, now—and he will verify what I am saying. For example, Richardson observed that there was some strange material put in his smoking tobacco. It was suspected that somebody was actually trying to poison him, believe it or not. This is not commonly known because it didn't hit the papers—people wouldn't believe it. Another thing that someone did against Richardson during this period—they intercepted a letter addressed to

him in campus mail. I've forgotten the exact details, but Richardson had written to the University of Vermont, in regard to a possible teaching position that he was trying to get. Certain parties unknown actually opened his mail and forged his signature. He found this out, and Bruce Thompson will verify this. It was done and he found out about it by writing to Vermont, so this is no fiction. It was actually done. Now, who did it? You can use your own imagination. Somebody in the opposition did it.

Those were some of the things that went on. It was a bitter fight, and you wouldn't think it could happen on a university, but it did happen. I can't blame Richardson for finally throwing in the sponge because he figured that maybe his life was in danger. Richardson was a man of high integrity and a very fine person. He took the brunt of this whole fight, you see. In other words, he was the "fall guy," or the sacrifice.

Stout let the other four men that he wanted to fire go back to the university by signing sane sort of paper, but Richardson refused to sign anything because, he said in effect, I have done nothing wrong, except to voice an honest opinion, and send the paper written by Bestor to certain faculty members for their perusal. He was, I think, sincerely trying to bring out a fact that there were certain facets of modern education at that time that were not to the best interests of our educational system—in the public schools and in the university—he was sincere about it. Professor Bestor's paper was critical of professional educators.

I talked lots of times with Bruce Thompson, and with Fred Anderson (both regents). I talked to them about the big battle.

Another note about President Stout during this controversy. Up until June, 1955, Stout refused tenure to many able and

capable young professors. The withholding of tenure was a convenient club to bludgeon these young men into subservience. After the AAUP investigators completed their survey of campus conditions, Stout very suddenly granted tenure to a sizable number of young professors. It should be noted that the AAUP is very sensitive to breaches in tenure regulations. As I have mentioned previously, freedom of speech was impaired during the Stout administration. Two young and naive instructors—in business and sociology—were not rehired after their first year; they made the mistake of talking too freely, and they had no tenure. Professor Sandorf shook his head in disagreement with a statement Stout made at a Kiwanis meeting in Reno. Stout immediately called him on the carpet and asked for an explanation. These are typical of the things that went on. They are hard to believe on a democratic campus here in America, but that is what happened.

Here are a few public statements by President Stout during his administration. At the first faculty meeting September, 1952, upon taking office and arriving in Nevada, before the entire faculty he said, "I suppose you wonder what kind of an s.o.b. I am." I was there and heard him.

In the Supreme Court of Nevada decision in the Richardson case as published in the Reno Evening Gazette, there appears a statement attributed to Stout to the effect that "you cannot pool ignorance and come up with knowledge." This was in reference to faculty committees.

Another statement: "The quickest way to kill an idea is to put it into a committee," March, 1955, in Stout's office to an advisory committee meeting. Well, in all fairness, maybe Stout had something here. However, a lot of people didn't appreciate this statement at the time.

As quoted from the Reno Evening Gazette, October 29, 1955, a statement by President Stout:

In my experience as an educator I seek to learn the most about prospective faculty employees through two types of background, athletics and war record. Most of the personnel recommended by me have shown great ability in either college athletics, military service, or both.

What do you think of that? Of course, I don't have anything against either one of them but when you are hiring a professor to teach engineering, you don't worry too much about athletics or war record—either one, do you? Or to teach mathematics or physics?

Actually, the fellow was really a vulgar person—that said all these things. He got us engineers in his office one time, talking about some sort of a deal between the engineering college, perhaps, as consultants for Curtis-Wright corporation (for whom he worked after he was fired from the University of Nevada). He was talking about this corporation. It had stopped manufacturing the Packard automobile, so he said, "Well, a Packard automobile is like a dose of venereal disease" (he used a more vulgar term there) because, "it's easy to get, but hard to get rid of."

After Stout was fired—and I think he was fired in October—he stayed on until the first of the year. And one of the last acts that he did, and I have this from direct conversation with Clarence Bird, the registrar—Stout walked into Bird's office and requested that he change the record of his son from, I believe an F, to a passing grade or perhaps a D grade to a C grade or something like that. And Clarence Bird refused. He said, "No, I can't change

the record; that's the grade he got." Stout got rather upset and abusive to Clarence, and Clarence said, "All right, you go back and put that in writing and then give it to me." And that was too much for Stout, he didn't want to be put on record, he left the office—but he was unhappy. He tried to change his son's grade, which was a low grade in one course. Actually, it was to forge the records, and that's one of the last acts he did.

In the Stout controversy, many members of the faculty who had worked against Stout during this bitter controversy were actually consulted by the regents towards the last, and as a result of their conferences with certain regents, Stout was dismissed.

I'm going to talk next about some of my work on faculty committees. I served on many of these over the past twenty-two years, but two of note were: (1) the selection of a new president, and (2) the selection of a new library director.

After President Stout was fired, the administration appointed faculty and deans committees to select a suitable president. I was a member of this committee. We received about 125 applications over perhaps an eight-months period, and we held repeated meetings over this period requiring much time and labor. The process of screening by majority vote went on continuously until, finally, about five best candidates remained. The deans' committee did likewise. Each committee, faculty and deans, worked individually, but apparently adopted the same techniques. Finally, about five names were submitted to the Board of Regents, who then held personal interviews and selected Charles Armstrong as the new president.

A similar process later selected David Heron as the new librarian, and James Anderson as dean of engineering, although the latter committee, of course, was restricted

to engineers. This was indeed a democratic process.

I was discussing the faculty committee that chose President Armstrong. I think most of us that had been elected to this committee—I believe it was won by popular election, and since the anti-Stout forces had won out, I think the people on the committee—were not exclusively, but, for the most part, anti-Stout people. Therefore, out of a committee of maybe ten or eleven, there might have been two or three of the old Stout people, or at least half-Stout people—let's put it that way. But I think the anti-Stout personnel on the committee were in the majority. And we naturally were so distressed with what we had gone through under Stout for the last five years that we studiously tried to screen out those which would have a background similar to his, and that's what we did. For instance, we did not want another pure teacher educationist, with his background, coming from an Iowa high school. We had loads of applications from that type of person, but we cast them out rather ruthlessly. We did finally select Armstrong, with others, because in the case of Armstrong, he had a classical background. He was a classicist, well-schooled in Latin and Greek, and classical history and the arts—not too much science, but he had a very fine liberal educational background. And he had seemingly done an excellent job at Pacific College in Oregon where he had been employed before we got him. And he made some rather strong statements about academic freedom which endeared him to the committee, I believe. Something which had gone by the board during Stout's administration, and so we liked the statements that he made very much.

I also served on a very important academic council for two years but came away somewhat disillusioned. There was too much palaver and

not enough action; much time was wasted by some professors who talked endlessly with little substance.

Continuing with my work at the University of Nevada, other than teaching, I worked at faculty advisor for the student chapter of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers for several years. I enjoyed the close, friendly association with our students. This included field trips to the Bay region where we toured industrial and research plants and laboratories such as the Southern Pacific Railway shops in Sacramento, Ford assembly plant in San Jose, Westinghouse Electric manufacturing company in Sunnyvale, Crockett Sugar Refinery, Pacific Gas and Electric Company steam generating plant at Pittsburgh, Standard Oil test lab in San Francisco, and the laboratories of NASA at or near Stanford, also Columbia Steel at Pittsburgh, and Bethlehem Steel at South San Francisco, and so forth. Similarly, I worked with the student honor society of Sigma Tau for many years and was partly responsible for bringing the chapter to this campus. I served as Treasurer for the Phi Kappa Phi general honor society for six or seven years, and audited the books for a similar number of years.

I should also mention that I was president of the Astronomical Society of Nevada and project engineer for the Blair Observatory, a small university observatory built in honor of Professor Gilbert Bruce Blair shortly after his death with a small amount of money left by a wealthy woman named Mrs. Darlington. This little observatory was designed principally by myself and Carl E. Wells, of Roseville, California—and Russell Mills was our architect. It is still standing today, and we have a six-inch refracting telescope, which is a very nice one, installed in this little observatory. The refracting telescope was financed by Society funds and built by

Carl E. Wells, an amateur astronomer and friend of mine. It's there for everybody to see, right today. Incidentally, there's a bronze plate in the observatory and it's got my name on it. This pleases me. Most people only get a final bronze plate—and I mean final.

Carl Wells, and I, and Russell Mills, together, designed and planned the observatory. Also I did a great deal of other work with the regents and the University in connection with the observatory because at that time I was the president of the Astronomical Society.

Before the telescope was built and installed, the building itself had just been completed in the summer of about 1951, I believe. One night it was seriously vandalized by parties unknown, who picked up boulders on the hilltop and smashed every conceivable window in the little observatory and then mutilated some of the walls. It was absolutely brand new and locked, but, that's what they did to us. This was very depressing to us—the members of the Astronomical Society of Nevada—and so in the interim period before we could get solid steel shutters to cover up all the apertures, including the front door, fabricated by the local iron works, I and another member guarded the observatory at nights, perhaps for the better part of two weeks. I stood guard along with another member, armed with a shotgun. We were determined that it was not going to be completely razed or set fire to. And so, although we destroyed the beauty of the little observatory by having to board up every single aperture with solid iron, much in the same manner that the old time pioneer houses were boarded up with iron sheeting, we did prevent further vandalism. It is exceedingly lucky that the telescope had not yet been installed at the time of this vandalism. Shortly after the iron work was put up over all the doors and windows, a high storm fence was built around it. And to my best knowledge, there was never

any more trouble since 1951, but it destroyed the beauty of our little building.

HONORS

I belong to the national scholastic honor societies of Phi Kappa Phi, Sigma Tau, Sigma X; Pi Mu Epsilon, and Tau Beta Pi. Professional memberships include: American Society for Mechanical Engineers, the Astronomical Society of Nevada, and the Oregon Trail Museum Association. I am a registered professional engineer in the state of Nevada. And finally, on the eve of my retirement from the University of Nevada in the spring of 1966, I was accorded a distinguished honor by receiving a Western Electric Foundation award for excellence in teaching by the Pacific Southwest section of the American Society of Engineering Education. This section includes several of the southwestern states, as Nevada, California, Arizona, etc. The award carried a stipend of \$500. In addition, I was presented with a brochure of some sixty letters written by my former students complimenting me and thanking me for my part in their undergraduate instruction and counseling. Naturally, I am grateful for these honors at the close of my active teaching career. Thus, for some twenty-three years I labored conscientiously in the training of engineers at the University of Nevada. Although not too remunerative at times, it did carry a deep satisfaction in helping to mold young men into creative and useful engineers, who are much needed in our society. In this sense, my life work has been worthwhile and successful.

OTHER ACTIVITIES AND INTERESTS IN MY LIFE

My life over many years has been interesting, with special activities such as astronomy, microscopy and photomicrography, emigrant trail history and exploration. In connection with the above, I lectured extensively and wrote articles for publication.

My interests in astronomy included work with the Astronomy Society of Nevada and the construction of the Blair Observatory on the University of Nevada campus, heretofore discussed.

The second item, microscopy and photomicrography—that's a tongue-twister. All my life I've been curious about natural phenomena in nature, so it is not at all surprising that I bought a good microscope about thirty years ago, and started to explore the microcosm. I soon found some objects of great interest and beauty called diatoms. These are a class of one-celled microscopic water plants belonging to the algae which live in all the waters of the earth and build tiny ornamented shells of silica. The diatoms assume shapes which are circular, oblong, sigmoid, square,

pentagonal, crescentic, star-shaped, and so forth—a seemingly endless variety of forms. Each diatom is a tiny hollow box with two ornamental surface markings on each of its two main faces. They were discovered about 1800 and have excited the wonder and admiration of microscopists all over the world since that time. They are termed “jewels of the plant world” and “plants that live in glass houses.” Under low magnification, some species exhibit sparkling hues of green, red, violet, or iridescence. The color is not intrinsic however, but rather is due to refraction of the light through the tiny shell interstices. In the living state, these tiny plants exist in most places where there are water, sunlight and silica dissolved in the water. They form the food for most of the small forms of marine life, and consequently are called “grass of the sea.” When their life span is complete, they die and fall to the bottom of the water body. In many places huge deposits have been built up over eons of time, and have been exposed by geologic uplifting of the bed or else by a drying up of the body of water. The white,

porous, siliceous material, or mineral, thus formed is called diatomite and is of extreme importance in modern technology for use in filters, heat insulation, fillers, polishing agents, catalytic agents, etc.—ad infinitum. Thus, they serve man and nature in both the living and fossil states.

These tiny plants were so fascinating to me that I studied, examined, photographed and lectured on them for many years, and at present have a fine collection of microscope slides, photographs, and projection slides, also fine equipment for this study. It is interesting to note that one cannot examine objects of such perfection, diversity, and beauty, without awe and wonderment of the work of the Grand Architect of the universe. No true scientist can be an atheist, whether he peers into the telescope at island universes, or into the tube of a microscope, the work of the Grant Architect is everywhere manifest.

Returning now to the third of my enumerated other activities, that of emigrant trails and history and exploration, I must make the initial statement that I am the grandson of four grandparents who crossed the plains in covered wagons and settled in Dayton, Nevada, in the 1850's, and '60's. This fact stimulated me to study the journals of the old pioneers and to explore the old trails, and photograph many of the famous landmarks, trail ruts, and physical features of the terrain over which they passed. This I have carried on for about thirty years, with very considerable interest. It is a healthful, fascinating adventure in history and exploration.

My principal explorations have been in the Sierra emigrant passes; the famed, but deadly, Forty-Mile Desert north of Fallon, and elsewhere in Nevada along the Humboldt River. One trip took me and my wife and son back to Nebraska and Wyoming, where I photographed the great landmarks recorded

faithfully in practically every emigrant journal that was kept by the old pioneers, such as Independence Rock, Chimney Rock, Devil's Gate, the North Platte River, Fort Laramie, Fort Bridger, the Snake River, and many others along the old California trail. The photographs, or Kodachromes, were collated and used to illustrate my lecture, the Overland Emigrant Trail to California, which I have given about fifty times to various local groups. At the present time I'm working on a trail-marking project with a small group known as the Nevada Trail Marking Committee. The principal workers in this group are Dean James T. Anderson, Professor Bruce Douglas, and myself, all at the University of Nevada, and Walter Mulcahy, businessman of Reno. Walter Mulcahy has been exploring trails—I guess week after week, and year after year—and writing in local papers and others, and making a vast amount of recorded data on the location of the trails.

Our pilot project is to implant approximately nineteen markers across the famous but deadly Forty-Mile Desert which lies roughly between a point twenty miles south of Lovelock and Fallon and Wadsworth; The trail to California ran southerly to the dike, or south edge of old Humboldt Lake, then split into the well known two routes crossing the desert, known as the Carson and Truckee River routes with termini at Ragtown, east of Fallon on the Carson River, and Wadsworth on the Truckee River.

The start of the Forty-Mile Desert is considered to be the dike known as "Humboldt Bar" on the U.S.G.S. map of this area.

The Carson River Route proceeds south and southwesterly across the heart of the desert, whereas the Truckee River Route travels southwesterly following more or less the present highway U.s. 80 and therefore

skirts the western portion of the desert. Markers are to be placed at five or six mile intervals at strategic known points, for example, Brady's Hot Springs, Salt Creek Crossing, Double Wells, White Plains, Upsoll Hogback, etc.

The original trail is still visible in some sections, in others it has been obliterated.

Twenty-five years ago when I followed the Carson River Route, the iron wagon parts and water barrel hoops lay in profusion on the desert plainly marking the route; but today there is not much material left.

The Truckee River route, after it left Wadsworth, followed the Truckee River on account of grass and water. It followed it straight up the canyon to present site of Reno.

Then it had to make a southerly detour to avoid the sloughs which bordered the river in the Truckee Meadows especially in the vicinity of present Sparks, Nevada.

It crossed over the present municipal golf course, proceeded westerly and crossed the river at Mayberry's old ranch and bridge (both built in later years). This route been carefully plotted out by Walt Mulcahy and he's written two newspaper articles about it. The trail in the Truckee River Canyon east of Reno, has been obliterated by the building of highways, and railroads, and farm roads, and other modern construction works of man, but the emigrants were there. So you could place a marker most any place in the narrow confines of the Truckee River Canyon, and say, "They were here." You'd have it. As a matter of fact, many of the emigrants crossed the Truckee River numerous times between Wadsworth and Verdi. One journalist said he crossed it about thirty-odd times, or forty times or something like that, crossing and re-crossing. Not only on account of the terrain, but on account of getting a little better grass, perhaps, or

maybe the trail was a little better, or maybe they wanted to get some wood, and so they'd cross and re-cross, so the trail could be most any place in the canyon.

Now, continuing this discussion for a moment, the Great Plains part of the emigrant California Trail, followed the North Platte River and passed many famous landmarks. The trail was right close to these landmarks, because every journal records those famous landmarks, like Independence Rock for example. Why, they climbed all over Independence Rock, and drew sketches of it, and carved their initials on it. Also at Register Cliff, along the North Platte River, they carved their initials in that sandstone cliff, and they are there still today, because I photographed them. Also they carved initials in that granite product of glaciation—Independence Rock in the Sweetwater River Valley, where they were following the little Sweetwater River.

So there are many places where the trail is very evident and undisputed. For example in the Platte River Valley—the emigrants passed by Scott's Bluff, in the southeast corner of Nebraska, close to the Wyoming border there. They had to ascend a sort of small pass or defile, in the terrain there. It wasn't much of a pass. I expected, when I read about it, to see a high pass such as we have here in the West, but instead of that, it was a gentle little notch that they went over. They called it Mitchell's Pass. There's now an Oregon Trail Museum there—an emigrant museum—which is very fine. But the trail at Mitchell Pass, going around Scott's Bluff and down on the other side is so deep—I got in the thing and I thought I was in an irrigation ditch—six feet deep gouged out there! So believe me, the trail is very evident in certain parts of the United States.

The trail has been marked in many places by historical societies, and, in other places, where the emigrants could spread out, you

can't find a single track any more, but you know they must have gone through there.

Now the Sierra passes—some of them have been very carefully marked, much to my gratification, by certain California historical societies and, notably, by a man who died some years ago, who was a trail explorer and marker, and devoted his life to it. His name was P. N. Weddell. He marked the Sierra passes by himself I guess, and with his own money by placing signs, "Emigrant Trail" or "Donner Trail" —and he nailed them from tree to tree. Some of those signs are still there, and some of them have been refurbished by certain California societies. So you can actually follow the trail if you've got a little bit of an exploring instinct. You do have to look for these markers on the trees, and use a little horse sense, otherwise, you can get lost in the trees, now and then. But I've followed Weddell's markers clear over the Kit Carson Pass, also over the Coldstream Pass. Sometimes that's called Emigrant Pass, or Truckee Pass—it's in distinction to the Donner Pass, where the highway and railway go.

The so-called Emigrant Pass, by way of Coldstream, took off near the south part of Donner Lake and it went up Coldstream Canyon, following the creek to its headwaters, making a gradual ascent to a point, or saddle, which is monumented there today, between Donner and Lincoln Peaks. And, at this eminence, one can look down backwards on Donner Lake, spread out before you—a beautiful sight. And, you can also see the older modern highway going over Donner Pass.

The pass that most emigrants went over, the so-called Truckee Pass, was 1,000 feet higher than the Donner Pass, named for the Donner Party who tried to go over there, over that tremendous granite escarpment, and that is a terrible pull from the lake up and over the

granite escarpment. Thus they hauled their wagons to the top, the first wagons hauled over the Donner Pass. But you see, this was so difficult, that a couple of years later, I believe, a party of returning Mormons that had taken part in the California rebellion who were returning to Salt Lake City (according to Stewart's book, *The California Trail*), discovered the Coldstream Pass—bypass, or whatever you want to call it. It afforded a higher but a more gradual route to gain the summit.

So again, there are places all over the 2,000 mile trail, where the trail is very obvious, and other places where it is obliterated, and other places where the modern highways and railroads have torn it up, and built right on top of it.

One of the best books for one interested in emigrant trails is the one written by Irene D. Paden years ago, called *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner*. It's out of print now, but its in libraries. She also wrote a secondary book, which was called *Prairie Schooner Detours*. But as far as the California Trail is concerned, one of the finest modern books, authentic and very interesting, is by George Stewart, historian of University of California, called *The California Trail*. It's still in print.

One of the finest diaries ever written—one of the most complete—by a very competent observer, is (it's been republished some ten or twelve years ago), called *The Gold Rush*, by J. G. Bruff, Captain of the Washington Company—a 49'er. One of the most moving diaries or journals of all and beautifully written, is that by a woman. It is the journal kept by Sarah Eleanor Royce. It is also out of print and a rare item, but it is one of the classic journals that ought to be read. She had a great faith in God, and well she might have, because she and her husband, and one or two young retainers who helped in the driving,

were separated from the main emigrant train, and they traveled through hostile Indian country by themselves. One wagon alone. She describes very graphically—of being surrounded by unfriendly Indians, and she prayed to God to get them out of the mess, and evidently God answered her prayers, because they got out—they escaped. Very interesting. Also her account of crossing the Forty-Mile Desert is among the classics. The cattle were about to give out, a very, very serious situation. She describes the scene when the oxen were almost ready to die. About ten miles distant from the Carson River. Suddenly one of the oxen raised up his head and gave a low “moo.” She said evidently over that distance he had scented the moisture in the air—the morning air from the Carson—and from that time on through even though the oxen were about to lay down and die, they took renewed strength and made it to the river, and that saved their lives. That’s a beautiful diary—you ought to read that. I have a number of journals in my collection, but the one by Sarah Eleanor Royce is a classic.

When one walks over the dreadful, alkaline Forty-Mile Desert in the heat of a July day, or climbs slowly up and over the incredibly steep Sierra passes where they pulled their wagons, one realizes the heroic and rugged character of the old pioneers. They were a real breed of men. The inscription on the bronze plaque of the Donner Monument reads:

Virile to risk and to find, kindly
withal and a ready help, facing the
brunt of fate, indomitable, unafraid.

I should also mention that I dearly love the West—its mountains and sage deserts, lakes and rivers, and all my life I have enjoyed hikes, trips, picnics, and camping in the out-doors

at every opportunity. I would be unhappy to live for an extended period in other sections of the United States. It is here that I hope to finish out my life.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

On June 26, 1943, while stationed in San Diego as a naval officer in World War II, I married Gladys Estelle Downing of Napa, California. Gladys had attended the University of Nevada with the class of 1932 and had been a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority. She was also a past worthy matron of the Order of Eastern Star in Napa, California. It is interesting to note that her mother, Ida Heflin, was born in the old mining camp of Lewis, Nevada, located east of Battle Mountain and now obliterated. Her aunt is Mrs. Kate Lemaire of Battle Mountain, aged ninety-two at this writing.

My wife Gladys was a fine intelligent woman, of high character. She followed me to the East during my tour of duty there, and later returned to Napa, California, in 1945, just before the birth of our son, Richard Winston—named after Winston Churchill. She was a most wonderful mother to Dick and a loving, capable wife to me. We were a close-knit family and enjoyed the out-of-doors, picnicking, camping, exploring year after year. Gladys was a tremendous reader, especially in her last years. She read just about anything, but her main interest was history of the West. So with common interests, our marriage was generally a happy, quiet one, with simple pleasures. Gladys started to slow down about eight years ago, and without much waning, she died suddenly of cardiac failure after one day’s stay in the local hospital. This was last December 27, 1966. Thus ended our partnership, just on the eve of my retirement from active work, when life could

have been easier for us both. She is badly missed by Dick and me, but life is like this, and one must accept what comes and try to bear up to its trials and tribulations.

Son Dick is now twenty-two, studying geological engineering at the University of Nevada, is a cadet colonel in advanced ROTC, and will be commissioned upon graduation to spend two years in the Army service. He left school two years ago to take a trip to Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Japan and the Fijis. I have high hopes for his success in life.

CONCLUSION: PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

In looking back over my life, I naturally would make some changes. In particular, I would try to be more single-minded and purposeful in the early stages of my career. My professional progress was slow for many years, particularly in a financial sense. Of course, some of this was caused by the Depression we went through. But I would not exchange my career in engineering for a different one. Engineering is a constructive profession which utilizes scientific knowledge for the benefit of mankind. I would not be happy in other professions as business, law, and so forth.

I have lived most of my life in my beloved West and enjoyed the mountains and the deserts. This I am grateful for and I would not change it for a more lucrative job in a congested urban environment or a bad climate. Also my life has had a great deal of interest in it with my engineering profession and my several avocations. I've had war experience in World War-II, and my life span has encompassed vast social and technological changes from the horse and buggy to the jet airplane and the atom bomb. I've seen and ridden in the first automobiles and some early airplanes. I've listened to the primitive Edison

cylinder phonograph as a young boy, and seen and listened to the old crystal radio sets. I've ridden the fine passenger trains across the United States many times, and seen the motive power change from steam to diesel.

Here I must indulge in a bit of nostalgia for the vanishing steam locomotive, which was the most grandly fascinating mechanism ever revised by man. It was a thing alive, with its fire, and smoke, and steam, and its exhaust splitting the night air in a symphony of beats and overtones. And its reciprocating pistons and rods and valve mechanisms all added to its power and its glamour. The beloved sound of the steam whistle on the night air stirred the blood and evoked imagery of adventure in faraway places. As a boy lying in bed, I used to listen to the Overland Limited gather speed and pass the Ralston Street crossing at nine-fifteen at night with a roar like thunder, followed by the blasts of the whistle, and then the gradual fading of the exhausts into the quiet silence of a summer night. It was time to go to sleep.

I think my greatest thrill in life was the time I rode all night long from Sparks to Roseville in the engineer's cab of the wonderful, articulated, cab-ahead, Southern Pacific Mallet locomotive. It was an unforgettable adventure, as it fought its way up the Donner Summit, through tunnels, snowsheds, and around sharp curves. And on the downside of the summit with brakes applied on the heavy grades, the sparks from the wheels engulfed the train in an eerie but beautiful cascade of fire. But I must stop this wistful, nostalgic reminiscing—it is a sure sign of getting old.

I think my basic philosophy of life is that of simply trying to do a useful job, and living a reasonably decent life without stepping on your fellow man to achieve advancement. I have not gone to church very often because the simple guiding principles for the good life

are all contained in the tenets of Freemasonry. And although I am not a paragon of virtue by any means, I do believe that Freemasonry has exerted a good influence on my life and made me a better man than otherwise. Freemasonry teaches us to live by the square; it's as simple as that.

And now, as to the future—I hope to be reasonably active and to keep up my interests. I have had a good interest in life and have done some constructive work, had a fine wife and a son, enjoyed reasonably good health, and lived in my beloved West. At my age, I've got it made. That lies ahead—¿quien sabe?

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